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Lost Opportunity in Germany?

So the German civil war has begun to warm up. Last Saturday the East German Ministry of the Interior announced arrests in Berlin, Potsdam, Halle and Cottbus, and claimed that a number of groups of saboteurs, equipped with American radio and arms, had been smashed. In particular, the announcement mentioned that a spy ring in the huge Leuna Works at Merseburg had been smoked out.

There is no reason to doubt the truth of this announcement. As Mr. Fraenkel suggests in the first-hand description of the Berlin "frontier" which we print on another page, the Communist Government of Eastern Germany has now substantially lost such popular support as it ever enjoyed. Indeed, it is a fair deduction that only the presence of a large Russian army prevents a national uprising to unite the eighteen million inhabitants of the Eastern Zone with the Federal Republic.

In such a situation the rapid emergence of a Resistance Movement, with its base in Western Germany and its operational centre in Western Berlin, would have been inevitable, even if the Americans had held their hand. But they have not. In Bonn, at least, no one bothers to deny that the American radio stations and Secret Service have been actively fostering the East German Resistance. What was uncovered last Saturday was in all probability only a tiny segment of a secret organisation, which cannot be eradicated because it enjoys the tacit support of a great majority of the inhabitants of the Eastern Zone.

What should be our attitude to these events? It is easy enough, from the safety of London and Washington, to applaud the spirit of the men who led the strikes and protests all over the Eastern Zone last June, and to protest against their arrest and punishment for continuing the struggle since then. But do all those who are cheering on the German Resistance Movement realise the logic of their actions? If matters are allowed to take their course, another and far more serious rising is bound to take place, either with or without the consent of the British and American authorities in Germany. What plans have been made for this eventuality? Are the Allied armies in Western Germany to remain inactive, as they did last June, and coldly watch while the rising they fostered is suppressed by the Red Army? If that is our policy, then we have no right to encourage the Resistance. Or are our troops to cross the zonal frontier and come to the succour of our secret allies? On the day that happens, World War III will begin.

With so perilous a choice before us, it would be natural to assume that the British Government would prefer the path of negotiation. As Mr. Attlee has twice pointed out, the grave embarrassment of the Russians in the Eastern Zone provides an added reason for talks on the highest level as soon as possible. If we negotiate today, we shall negotiate from a strength which few would have dreamt to be possible two years ago. Yet neither London nor Washington seems eager to seize the opportunity. True, the Russians were once again invited to Lugano, and the rigid preconditions for Four-Power talks, laid down in the "Little Bermuda" conference, have been waived. If he had come, Mr. Molotov could have ranged over a free agenda. But what of our side? What positive proposals are Britain, America and France putting forward? Only that we are still determined, whatever happens, to get E.D.C. ratified and to integrate the West German divisions into the Atlantic defence system. It is not surprising that the Russian reply to the invitation to Lugano observes astringently that this "commitment" makes nonsense of the proposed conference before it starts.

The time for uncompromising toughness is when you are weak. The time to offer a compromise is when you are strong and hold the initiative. Today the Resistance Movement in the Eastern Zone is still a lever which can be used to bring the Russians to the conference table. If we

make known that we are ready to forgo the rearmament of Western Germany, it is not impossible that the Russians will concede free elections in the Eastern Zone. Such a compromise would be a defeat for them, but a defeat compensated by a genuine Western concession and concealed under the terms of a negotiated settlement. We do not claim that Mr. Molotov would certainly accept this kind of compromise. We do claim that it is a proposal which the West can afford to offer from the new position of strength created by the events of June 11 and their aftermath.

The Democrats Come Back

The results of the "test" elections held in the U.S. this week reaffirm the trend shown in the Wisconsin congressional bye-election a few weeks ago. The victory of the Democrats in Wisconsin, in a seat they only began contesting recently and have never won, could be partly attributed to the farmers' discontent with the Republican Administration, and partly to the old Progressive tradition in that district. In New York, however, after Mr. Impelliteri's "anti-Tammany" interregnum, the Democrats have regained the mayoralty, sweeping in Mr. Wagner, the son of the old liberal Senator, by a vote greater than that of his combined opponents. Across the Hudson, in New Jersey, where Eisenhower outran Stevenson by more than 300,000 votes, the Democrats have capitalised on Republican corruption, as they did previously in Philadelphia, and won the Governorship. They have also won another congressional bye-election in a Republican seat, and so further reduced the slender Republican majority in the House. These results show that without Eisenhower to pull in the vote for their marginal candidates, the Republicans remain the minority party.

Advance in Kenya?

General Erskine has rendered a great service by bluntly telling the Kenya settlers that the problem of Mau Mau will not be solved by bullets "although forceful measures are necessary to obtain respect for law and order." There was, he said, "no military solution." This commonsense means, in short, that Mau Mau is not a rising which will collapse as soon as its wicked leaders are killed, but a movement which, with all its vileness, reflects an evil state of society. It means that a policy must be stated which gives hope to the African in the future, and that it must be stated in such a way that the African, whether a passive supporter of Mau Mau or an active opponent fighting on the European side, will really be convinced that his social, economic and political status is to be changed. Even so, he is unlikely, in view of the past, to take much notice of White promises unless he is assured of their sincerity by African leaders he himself trusts. Most of these leaders are in jail. The first step, therefore, is to release some of them, and let them play a part in formulating future policy, and then advocating it. The policy itself must deal with the land—which includes African methods of cultivation, use by Africans of unfarmed parts of the Highlands, and the irrigation and development of now arid but potentially fertile areas; with the qualifications for a "common roll" required equally from Europeans, Asians and Africans; the abolition of many restrictions and discriminations now in force against the African, and a future policy of industrial development devised to benefit all three races. Only on this basis should Britain spend the money necessary to save Kenya from bankruptcy.

Hindus in Pakistan

Hindu members of the Congress and members of the Scheduled castes have walked out of the Constituent Assembly, which is now discussing the details of the first Pakistan constitution. They regard as unnecessary and provocative the decision to describe the Republic of Pakistan as "Islamic." Pressure has come from East Pakistan, where the Hindus form a large minority. Thus, while the Mullahs have not had their own way, and issues on which they originally demanded a veto will now be subjected to the Courts, there are other proposals which can only keep alive the deep mistrust between Muslims and Hindus. Members who walked out of the Assembly undoubtedly have at least drawn attention to the unhappy proposal for separate Hindu and Muslim electorates—the old British method of sharpening communal conflict in India—and to the further unnecessary division of the Hindu community into two separate electorates based on caste. That suggestions which would consolidate existing tensions should be proposed, in spite of the expressed policy of leading Ministers against communalism, is in itself a reminder of the problems which lie ahead in the new Republic. A Constitution is urgently needed; a general election must soon be held; but without goodwill between the two communities, no Constitution can provide a stable basis for the country.

More Freedom

Before the crisis of 1951, most of the countries in O.E.E.C. had removed quantitative controls from 75 per cent. of their imports from each other, in accordance with the target which they had then set for the "liberalisation" of their mutual trade. Under the impact of the crisis, the British percentage slipped back to 44, and the French to zero. Subsequent relaxations brought Great Britain back to 58 per cent. "liberalisation"; and at last week's meeting of O.E.E.C. Mr. Butler announced his intention of returning in the near future to 75 per cent., in addition to raising the travel allowance from £40 to £50. At the same time, Mr. Lloyd George announced that the rationing of fats and milk products would end in 1954.

Great Britain's move is by no means without risk; but there were risks both ways. If Mr. Butler had done nothing, there would have been a serious danger of retaliatory exclusion of British goods from European markets, especially Belgium and Italy; and the Treasury presumably regarded this, *plus* American disapproval, as the major risk. What will happen to prices when controls are off remains to be seen. The great doubt is how high a price how many consumers will be prepared to pay for butter rather than change over to a larger use of margarine. This is a matter of interest to the Danes and the Dutch, as well as to British farmers; but it will not be put to the test just yet. More immediate is the attempted deal over French meat, which, the French announced this week, is now entirely a question of price.

Road Transport Wages

Applications for wage reductions are rare in these days; but, this week, the private and municipal sections of the road passenger transport industry put in a claim for a reduction of 7s. 6d. a week in wages. This is a move in the battle that is now proceeding over the number of standing passengers busmen are to be compelled to admit during the rush hours. The disputed 7s. 6d. was actually granted in 1948, when the busmen's contribution to the drive for higher productivity took the form of increasing the maximum number of standing passengers from five to eight. The busmen are now objecting to the continuance of this arrangment, which was intended to be temporary; and their employers have retaliated by giving notice to cancel the wage advance. Their case is that they have neither the vehicles nor the additional workers who would be needed to meet the peak demand if the concession were withdrawn, and that, on many routes, the cost of running extra buses would be prohibitive—especially in the case of country services.

A Short Cut to Atomic Production

Last week's speech in New York by Sir Christopher Hinton, the Ministry of Supply's Deputy Controller of Atomic Energy production, in which he called for the deliberately contrived explosion, in the wide open spaces of the U.S., of an industrial atomic establishment, calls for some explanation and comment. What Sir Christopher was demanding was that a fast reactor should be constructed, without regard to the currently accepted safety limits, and allowed to reach the point of explosion, with the object of establishing more rapidly than could otherwise be done the top limits of safety. This suggested experiment, in fact, is a short cut, in the remote safety of a U.S. desert, to the answers which will, in any case, be achieved by hastening slowly. Some public anxiety about all this is understandable enough: Watt, Murdock and Ferranti in turn alarmed the public with steam, gas, and electricity. But industrial atomic energy and, in particular, the atomic generation of electricity are essential if Britain is to remain a first-class industrial power; and the authorities must not neglect their over-riding responsibility of teaching the public that atomic production will be built up in the next ten years as safely as gas and electricity in previous generations.

Society and the Homosexual

We print this week a selection from the large quantity of letters which have reached this office on this topic. The overwhelming majority of our correspondents are in favour of changing the law, and are in broad agreement with the point of view we expressed. Differences chiefly arise on the extent to which homosexuality should be considered a social evil, and

what proportion of it is to be regarded as "curable." The primitive, pre-scientific view that homosexuality is merely a deliberate wickedness, which can somehow be stamped out by punishment, is now, it seems, happily rare amongst educated persons in this country; to find it one must look at the editorial columns of the *Daily Mail* and the lucubrations of Mr. John Gordon. We were glad to see that the *Sunday Times* is now bold enough to discuss the matter in a lengthy editorial and to state the conclusion that the present criminal law is "neither enforceable nor consonant with current ethical standards." We agree with Mr. Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., whose letter is published in this issue, when he says that the time has come to appoint an official Inquiry into the working of the present law.

UNITED NATIONS

Disguising the Purge

A Correspondent in New York writes: This session of the U.N. Assembly may have to decide whether or not its officials are to be the genuine international civil servants called for by the U.N. Charter. So far, the witch-hunt has been confined to individual Americans, who were vulnerable to domestic hysteria. Now, the attack is on the "international" civil service conception itself. One reason for this change is that hitherto discharged officials could seek and, as some have done, secure redress by appeal to the Administrative Tribunal. It has not only become difficult and expensive to purge people one by one, as Trygve Lie did: such action also violated the spirit and letter of the Charter—as Senator Rolin of Belgium, one of the Charter's principal draughtsmen, showed in his recent opinion for the Federation of International Civil Servants.

For some weeks, the Fifth Committee of the U.N. has been waiting for the new personnel policy which the Secretary-General has been preparing to meet American demands. Members of this Committee, who will have to debate the new code, already have some idea of what Mr. Hammarskjold has in mind. The staff regulations are to be changed, perhaps only for eighteen months, so as to give him complete "discretionary powers" to purge any employee, whatever his nationality, whose "integrity" he thinks unsatisfactory. Such dismissals might even be camouflaged by a general staff reorganisation that he is also expected to recommend. Purges, it is thought, might be a little more acceptable if they are not technically on political grounds: the new code would permit the Secretary-General to disguise them as the dismissal of alleged incompetents, homosexuals and other "security risks" as Washington now defines them.

Until now, a permanent official had security of tenure and could expect to win an appeal to the Administrative Tribunal, the only independent U.N. Court, which interprets the staff regulations. If the regulations are changed to give the Secretary-General "discretionary powers," the Tribunal remains untouched but it will no longer afford protection. Just in case any official should make a successful appeal under the new regulations, Mr. Hammarskjold is expected to ask the Fifth Committee to set an upper limit on the compensation that can be paid. There have been private protests from delegations which have studied the Rolin Report and are disturbed lest these "technical changes" are in fact a betrayal of the Charter.

PARIS

Half-turn to the Left

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Although the Government appear to stand in no danger at the moment, the cracks in the Right-Centre majority continue to widen. Both the Radicals and the M.R.P. show an increasing tendency to quarrel not only with each other, but among themselves. During last week's Indo-China debate, M. Daladier's strong attack on the Government led to an angry exchange with the M.R.P.—punctuated with cries of "Munich"—which will not easily be forgotten. This incident came on top of Daladier's decision to send a message of support to the *Conseil de la Paix*, a Communist organisation created to oppose E.D.C. At a subsequent meeting of the Radical Party Executive, M. Daladier (who is, as it happens, its president) was asked to recant. This he refused to do.

M. Daladier's gesture has not, so far, received much support among the rank-and-file, but it is important when taken in conjunction with other recent signs of unrest in the Party. Last month's annual conference of the South-West Radicals—a group generally regarded as the principal source of the Party's "bright young men"—was both a personal triumph for M. Mendès-France and a solemn warning to the Radical members of the Government that they could no longer count on the support of this group. In the U.D.S.R.—the ex-Resistance group affiliated to the Radicals—the situation is even more serious. Since the resignation of M. Mitterrand, the group's dissatisfaction with M. Pleven, its leader, has come out into the open. Regular attacks on the Government now appear in the paper Mitterrand controls, and at the end of the Indo-China debate only one member of the party followed M. Pleven into the Government lobby.

The M.R.P., thanks to a much stricter parliamentary discipline, has been able to conceal its growing discords, but they too are coming out into the open. In the last issue of *Terre Humaine*, an M.R.P. review, Francois Mauriac—the unofficial "conscience" of political Catholicism in France—subjected the Party to a withering analysis. The events of August, he argued, underlined the basic contradiction in the Party's policy: M.R.P. Ministers were too deeply involved with a reactionary policy abroad—above all in North Africa—to be able to support, at home, the progressive policy to which they were nominally committed. As a result, Mauriac confessed he had a growing anxiety as to the morality of the compromises which M.R.P. support of the Laniel Government involved, and he hinted that in future he would find difficulty in voting for them.

These signs of discord among the Radicals and the M.R.P. should be seen against the background of a growing demand for a "Social and Democratic Front" which is now replacing the "Popular Front" as a rallying slogan for the Left. The events of August and their sequel appear to have convinced the Socialists that a Left-Centre majority is now an immediate practicable possibility, and they are believed to be holding secret negotiations with members of both the Radicals and the M.R.P. It is unlikely, however, that they will bear fruit before the presidential election. One of the more saddening aspects of present-day French politics is that not only the Government, but the Opposition has a rooted belief in the philosophy of postponement.

Lifeline for the Landlords

IN "Operation Rescue" the Government has thrown out a lifeline to the landlords of the six million houses that are rent-controlled. It has worked out a complicated formula which properly links increases in rent with the cost of repairs, but throws the onus of proof on the tenant instead of the property owner. The landlord may raise the rent to a new maximum, to cover repairs done in a specified period: it is left to the tenant to complain if he doubts the landlord's word. His ultimate redress lies with the County Court, which will have the power to examine the bills for work done. If the landlord subsequently fails to keep the house "in good repair," the tenant may secure a "certificate of disrepair" from his local authority; this will entitle him to withhold rent payments until essential repairs are done. This seems to throw a great deal more work upon the local Courts and Councils, and offers too many chances of evasion for the landlord whose tenants are ignorant, indifferent, or unwilling to spend the time on litigation.

Since the maximum future rent is linked to rateable value, the landlord gets a larger increase for repairs to the better-quality houses, and least for the poorer properties, in low-rented neighbourhoods, where repairs are probably most urgent. This system is unlikely to give the landlord much incentive to repair the house that is nearly or already a slum. It has therefore been accompanied by a provision that the rent increase can only be charged where the house is put in "good repair"—however that may be defined. Nothing is to be done for the landlord who merely keeps his premises "fit for human habitation." On the contrary, the local authority may either compel him to bring his house up to that minimum standard, or do the work itself and recover the cost from the owner.

This is why "Operation Rescue" has had to place great emphasis upon slum clearance. It is presented to the country as the first overall and courageous plan to tackle a problem that all parties agree is fast becoming serious and unmanageable. It is not professedly a means of making property investment more profitable. Thus, despite the apparent lack of safeguards for the tenant of the moderately good house, its declared social objective is to rescue whole districts of our large towns from dereliction.

To accomplish this, even a Tory Government has had to fall back on the local authorities to do the job that private owners either cannot or will not do. They are urged to get on with new housing specifically to replace slum properties; they may purchase condemned houses at site value, and may patch them up for "human habitation" instead of immediately demolishing them, as they have so far been required to do; and they will receive special Treasury grants to help finance the slum clearance programmes that they have now been asked to submit to the Minister.

All this enables "Operation Rescue" to be dressed up as a carefully planned offensive to restore our deteriorating stock of houses. In principle, it may be. In practice, its effect can

only be marginal and interim. The fact is that most tenants cannot pay the economic rent real repairs would demand. The proposed increases, which will be a burden on the tenant and a stimulus to further wage demands, will not really be sufficient to finance proper repairs. There is no adequate solution to this dilemma within the present structure of property ownership.

The Tory way out of this difficulty is gradually to shift the responsibility for the really decrepit and totally unprofitable house on to the shoulders of the local authorities. There is more than a hint in "Operation Rescue" that "housing for general needs" is to be increasingly provided by private enterprise, while local authorities will be more and more tied down to replacing or patching up slums. This, to Tory property owners, is correct division of labour. It is possible that the Government may soon begin to enforce it by confining the housing subsidy mainly to buildings replacing slums, and thus discouraging local authorities from competing with private builders who are catering to "general needs."

Sir Winston's Grand Strategy

To the Labour Party, Parliament has always been the instrument of reform and change. To the Tories it is a talking-shop. When the occasion arises, it can provide an essential safety-valve through which special interests can blow off steam; and it can always present a façade of soothing propaganda to distract the masses of the people from their effective exploitation. To Tory Governments, as well as to Labour, the Budget is the principle manifestation of policy, and Budget proposals involve legislation and depend on searching Parliamentary debate. But it remains broadly true that Tory strategy is, wherever possible, to execute its policy administratively and to have as little recourse as possible to legislation.

This year's Queen's Speech is exceptional in containing, buried in a depressing wilderness of platitude, reference to at least three highly controversial measures—the raising of rents, the final denationalising of raw cotton procurement and the introduction of commercialised TV. (The reference to the reform of the House of Lords is so studiously vague that it may well lead to nothing in the present session.) It is one of the Premier's problems that, having chosen to implement certain policies, he cannot, at least in the case of rents and cotton, do so without new legislation.

The decision to deal with these issues in the present session should be seen in conjunction with the decision not to hold an early election. Had Sir Winston chosen to call an election at any time during the recent summer, he could no doubt have done so with the high probability of improving his position. There are plenty of signs, both internal and external, that by next year he may have missed the bus. Certainly a nation-wide increase of rents will not make things any easier for the Government. Why then has Sir Winston chosen to wait? Perhaps he does not care very much about the next election?

It is worth remembering that the strategy of the Government is dictated by Sir Winston himself and such purely personal advisers as are admitted to his midnight confidences; that the Prime Minister is long accustomed to directing strategy towards objectives he believes will prove decisive; and that, on account of age, he himself will scarcely play any very effective role in the next Government, whichever party it represents. All this suggests that Sir Winston is not worrying unduly about the value of the immediate heritage he hands over to Mr. Eden or Mr. Butler. His objective is rather to create, as it were, a trust-fund for Toryism. The grand strategy is to hang on to office until the essential machinery on which the 1945 Labour Government depended is smashed or dismantled.

Rents, cotton and TV all have a part in this plan, together with other logical extensions of existing policy—the winding up of the Food Ministry, for instance—which are not mentioned in the Queen's Speech. The complex of existing Rent Acts has been, ever since 1945, a mainstay of Labour's plans to tilt the cost of living in favour of the wage-earner. The winding up of the Cotton Commission is the last of the de-nationalising measures; what remains in public ownership is unprofitable and relatively uninteresting to private investment. Commercialised TV (although some Ministers still have fears or scruples about it) is vital to the Tory future. Nothing in the last twenty-five years has done more to weaken the hold of Toryism on the British people than the education in citizenship which has been the main product of the B.B.C.'s integrity and devotion to a non-commercial ideal. Now that TV is rapidly ousting radio in popular favour, there is a growing urgency about the Tory desire to see it in the control of their friends.

The prize at which Sir Winston is aiming is twofold. First, a Labour Government, coming to power in, say, 1955, would have to spend most of its time legislating in the face of a Tory filibuster, not to build a new society, but to create the very instruments of building, most of which in 1945 were inherited. Secondly, the prospect of that sort of arduous and not very glamorous battle is calculated, more than anything else, to deter the faint-hearts and encourage the anti-Socialists inside the Labour Party. The dishing of Mr. Bevan remains the common purpose of Sir Winston and most of the Labour Front Bench. That is why the Prime Minister finds it possible, in commending a legislative programme which by Tory standards is controversial, to appeal to the Opposition for pretty well everything short of a coalition. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison know perfectly well (and Sir Winston knows they know) that their best way of dishing Mr. Bevan—and with him any possibility of a swing towards a Socialist Left—is to water down the Parliamentary Opposition.

A not ineffective technique has been devised to this end in the past year. On many important issues the leadership of the Parliamentary Labour Party has managed to persuade its followers not to vote against the Government—or, as in the case of Guiana, to vote on an amendment which concedes the Government so much as to confine the debate almost within procedural limits. This has placed the Bevanites in a dilemma. If they run their own opposition, they are accused of disregarding Party decisions. If they do not, then opposition goes by default, to the anger of the Party outside Westminster; and the rank-and-file in the country are unable to discern any difference between the Bevanites and their opponents. Indeed, one of the most important factors in the internal affairs of the Labour Party at present is that the decisions of the Parliamentary Party are taken in secret. The Constituencies' voting at Conferences, when compared with the voting in the Parliamentary Party, is sufficient evidence that the majority of the Parliamentary Party is totally out of step with its rank-and-file; and the Bevanites believe that many of their most bitter enemies are enabled to present themselves as good Left-wingers to their own constituents, because of the cover which is offered by the secret ballot. Most of Mr. Bevan's advisers, therefore, are anxious that as many issues as possible should be forced to an open vote on the floor of the House, in order that the rank-and-file of the Party may have as much concrete evidence as possible about the opinions and affiliations of their representatives.

It is against this background that Sir Winston feels strong enough to venture on controversial legislation. The Government's position has been considerably weakened since Lord Salisbury's disastrous visit to Washington. Yet it seems likely that an election now would still give the Tories a majority. Many advisers must have warned the Prime Minister that to raise rents and tamper with the B.B.C. at this particular moment may alienate enough support to turn victory into defeat. But Sir Winston seems to be playing for higher stakes. He may well not care very much whether his successor is Mr. Eden, Mr. Butler, Mr. Morrison or Mr. Griffiths. His purpose is to make certain that the obstacles before the next Labour Government shall be too great for it to advance in the direction of Socialism.

First Fruits of Federation

Shortly before Christmas, the Whites of British Central Africa (together with some 450 Africans in Southern Rhodesia, three in Northern Rhodesia, but none in Nyasaland) will elect between them the first Federal Parliament of this latest Imperial creation. White politicians have been busy in transforming territorial parties into federal parties, and in forming new parties, wherewith to fight these elections. Now they have got federation, they are beginning to talk more freely.

We are told repeatedly that the federation of self-governing Southern Rhodesia with the Protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland was necessary in order to "bar the way to the northward movement of South African influence." Africans who opposed federation simply didn't know what was good for them. H.M. Government, therefore, thought it wise and honourable to ignore and override the spokesmen of six million Africans, and to extend to White settlers the right to govern the two northern territories.

And what is the first thing that happens? A Confederate Party is formed in Southern Rhodesia of all the more extreme English-speaking *Herrenvolk*, together with a substantial minority of Malanist-minded Afrikaner settlers. This new party has rapidly extended its range of action northward; is now campaigning actively and successfully on the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt (where most of that territory's votes are to be found); and offers itself as a formidable candidate for executive and legislative power.

Even if this Confederate Party does not actually win a majority, its influence is going to be important. Its programme, to quote one of its manifestos, is "political separation and duel-development" (*sic*), which, translated into ordinary English, means permanent White supremacy and permanent Black helotry. It is a racialist party, and is not afraid of saying so. It claims, true enough, to follow the great Smuts himself, and quotes with approval a saying of Smuts's that

"in the great matters of race, colour, and culture, residential separation and parallel institutions alone can do justice to the ideals of both sections of the population." But Smuts, after all, never had any complaint against the *Native* policy of the South African Nationalists: on occasion he could be just as brutal and repressive as they are. Anyone who has forgotten this may care to remember a couplet of Roy Campbell's, written on the publication of Smuts's philosophy, *Holism*, and recalling two of the most horrible massacres in South African history:

> With love of Nature burning in his heart
> Our new Saint Francis offers us his book:
> The saint who fed the birds at Bondleswaart
> And fattened up the vultures at Bull Hoek.

A first result of Federation is to have introduced into Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland a new and vicious form of *political* racialism. "South African influence" has not been barred from these territories, but directly and perhaps successfully promoted there.

So quickly has this come about—and with such apparent success—that the main party of the orthodox, the party of those three itinerant musketeers, the Knights Huggins, Welensky, and Barrow, has found itself nastily outmanœuvred. Their party, the Federal Party (formerly, in Southern Rhodesia, the United Party), stands in relation to the Confederate Party rather as the United Party in South Africa stands towards the Nationalists. It would like to do with kind words and subtle legislation what the Confederates hope to do with a club.

Most of the Federal Party's supporters would much prefer to join the Confederates rather than "go towards the Natives"; and they may have to make this choice if their party loses the election. For the moment, perhaps rightly confident in their greater political experience and in the backing they certainly (if covertly) enjoy from the mining companies and the administrative powers-that-be, the Federal Party leaders think they will win in December. Certainly, all three of these "moderate" leaders are looking now for ways of compromising with White extremism rather than with reasonable demands which have come from the African side. Once again, *political* racialism becomes a dominant issue in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

Other parties are also in the field. In Southern Rhodesia the Labour Party has decided to participate in the federal election after a party conference at which it stoutly reaffirmed its unwavering loyalty to the principle of an industrial colour bar (losing thereby two or three of its best men). By undercover agreement with the Federal Party, this so-called Labour Party can hope to win two or three federal seats. In Northern Rhodesia, meanwhile, a group of liberal-minded businessmen and professional Whites (including Dr. Scott, until lately the editor of the *Central African Post*, now absorbed by the Argus octopus), has formed a Progressive Party to defend the relatively good race relations which exist in Northern Rhodesia. Although not a racialist party, the Progressive Party would, of course, hate to be considered in any sense "Left-wing"; and Dr. Scott, indeed, has been one of the foremost hunters down and exterminators of stray "Fabians"—a smear word in Northern Rhodesia meant to cover all "nigger-lovers," do-gooders, and other wicked agents of anti-racialist subversion—who may have turned up in that territory from time to time. Lastly, it is possible that the small but genuinely progressive Southern Rhodesia Labour Party, which admits Africans and Indians on the same membership terms as Whites, may decide to enter candidates. Its chances of winning even one seat are at this stage perhaps negligible. One or two other small parties may also turn up.

The main fight for a majority in the Federal Parliament lies between the Federal Party and the Confederate Party—between two forms of more or less avowed racialism. Yet it remains true that certain slender safeguards were written into the Federal Constitution. All those in the House of Commons who opposed federation have now an opportunity of saving something from the wreck. They can begin to bring pressure on the Imperial Government to strengthen African representation in the Legislative Councils of the two northern territories. (They might ask, for instance, why the passport authorities in Southern Rhodesia have chosen this moment to refuse a passport to Charles Mzingeli, on any standards the most influential African in that colony. Why prevent Mzingeli from coming to London *now*, as he has come on several occasions in the past?) Above all, they can watch the operations of these two main federal parties and stand ready to urge the use of that veto on racial discrimination which the Imperial Parliament still holds. If, as is very possible, the majority in the Federal Parliament attempts to subvert the constitution in order to set up a racialist State in British Central Africa, can we hope, on the analogy of British Guiana, that Sir Winston Churchill will suspend that constitution?

BASIL DAVIDSON

London Diary

WHERE do you stand in the Rabbit controversy? If you've really made up your mind whether you want rabbits exterminated or not, you will also know your position on most of the big problems of our day. Look at the facts. Science has discovered how to innoculate rabbits with myxomatosis, a plague which has already half solved Australia's rabbit pest problem, killed, apparently, a large proportion of the rabbits in France and spread into Germany, Belgium, Holland and over the Channel into Kent. On the simplifying assumption that rabbits can really be exterminated by myx (actually, I understand, a tough breed of rabbit is already appearing with immunity to the plague), are you in favour of extermination? If you are a landlord or big farmer, a statistician or bureaucrat intent on increasing the world's food supply (and incidentally economising on hundreds of miles of rabbit netting), you will probably be enthusiastic. You learnt during the war that rabbits were vermin; four of them (or something equally fantastic) eat as much grass as a sheep. In that case you will be furious at the absurdity of the authorities who have been trying to gas rabbits in Kent, and who are now reported to be putting up rabbit-proof netting to keep those afflicted with myx from giving the disease to the other vermin outside!

* * *

If, on the other hand, you are a small farmer or a poacher or a poor man who doesn't breed tame rabbits for food (as Italian peasants, for instance, so often do), your anger will be directed against wicked people who deprive you of a cheap meat meal every week and, even more important in France, of your Sunday afternoon's "sport." Indeed, if you are a French gunsmith or furrier, you are now trying to find a legal case against the Professor who first discovered the virus which is depriving you of your living. The business of extermination is horrid; accounts come from France of unhappy creatures with swollen heads miserably dying in the streets of towns instead of disappearing aesthetically in their burrows. You may retort that, once exterminated, the rabbits will cease to suffer and that nothing could be so cruel as the small man's method of catching them in steel traps. After all, you will argue, if a way were found of exterminating rats instead of rabbits, no one would complain, whatever the cruelty to the rats.

* * *

The pros and cons of the whole thing may rattle round your head all night long. For behind the immediate rabbit controversy there is a greater and very complex issue. We are all horrified by the size and range of the things that Science (with a capital S) seems able to do. If we agree that rats and rabbits are vermin to be destroyed, not only on our farms by our own little efforts but on a vast world scale by Science, why stop there? The wholesale Science technique is now also being applied to the human race. Communists hold not that the more rapacious capitalists should be made less rich and powerful (as I do), but that all capitalists or friends of capitalists should be liquidated (which I think wicked). Meanwhile the greater capitalists pretend to be interested merely in stopping violent men starting civil wars, but actually begin to liquidate all people with any kind of Socialist sympathies. Internationally both sides are experimenting on extermination gases which will presumably be more efficient than H-bombs. The matter of rabbits, clearly, is far-reaching. In the mind of Aldous Huxley the choice is simple. On the one side Science, efficiency, a secure standard of living and a soporific drug to make us forget if we have a headache or a desire for freedom; on the other, conflict, dirt, religion, poetry, fun and crude brutality. The answer, of course, is that the Greeks were right; excess of anything is the evil. We want moderation, humanity and smallness. But those qualities are exactly what Science seems to reject.

* * *

It is, I think, because he stands so emphatically for a personal and anti-scientific solution to our problems that Albert Schweitzer is so popular a choice for the Nobel Peace Prize. On any analysis he is one of the world's remarkable men. Everyone knows that he abandoned a brilliant career as a pastor and musician, and made himself a surgeon so that he might build a hospital and spend a life of Christian renunciation among the very primitive people of French Equatorial Africa. Everyone stands in awe of a man who takes his Christianity so seriously. The question remains how far in practice Schweitzer has been able to apply his religion to African conditions. His version of Christianity, for instance, denies the right to take life of any sort, except where it is absolutely necessary, and I should have thought that all racial distinctions were equally repugnant to it. I am told that, in fact, Blacks and Whites are segregated in Lambaréné, at meal times, that Schweitzer himself eats meat, and that he has not succeeded in training a staff of African doctors to work with him and to succeed him. If this account is accurate, there may be good reasons; if so one wants to know about them. I know that Schweitzer is a devoted and disinterested benefactor. Has his experience led him to believe in an Africa which can dispense with superior European benefactors?

* * *

Two outstanding episodes of his career would alone richly qualify General Marshall for a Nobel Peace Prize. The first is his remarkable effort to bring about a settlement in China between the Kuomintang and the Communists, when he was sent by Truman on a special mission to China from 1945 to 1947. His report was uncompromising about the corruption, incompetence, and bigoted idiocy of Chiang Kai-shek's

entourage, and he warned Chiang against making war on the Communists, who had a disciplined and loyal army of a million men, and the sympathy of the mass of Chinese peasants. He was equally clear about the propagandist lies and the intransigence of the Communists, though he believed that, in the early stages, there were strong enough liberal influences within the anti-Kuomintang forces to make possible a reasonable settlement. In his official report in January 1947, he referred to hopes of

> a liberal and forward-looking charter which offered China a basis for peace and reconstruction. However, irreconcilable groups within the Kuomintang, interested in the preservation of their own feudal control of China, evidently had no real intention of implementing them. Though I speak as a soldier, I must here also deplore the dominating influence of the military.

No man ever worked harder for peace, or was more certainly right in saying that he was defeated by the extremist elements within both the contending parties.

The second episode was Marshall's Harvard speech in 1947. People have forgotten that, as presented by Marshall with obvious sincerity, it was an offer of American aid to all European countries, including devastated Russia and Eastern Europe. Voices in Washington were heard bitterly complaining that General Marshall was trying to put them into the clothes of Henry Wallace; they were both concerned to spend America's gigantic annual surplus on peace and reconstruction for the rest of the world as well as for America. It was not General Marshall's fault that Marshall Aid became martial aid.

* * *

The first detailed account I've seen of the war against the Formosa guerillas on the Burmese frontier is contained in a charmingly written but blurrily printed pamphlet published in Rangoon. It is called *Grim War Against the K.M.T.*, and its author is Maung Maung, a journalist whom many of us used to know in London. He flew up to the front line in a Burma Air Force Dakota some months ago and found that many of the young officers had been with him in the Burma National Army during the war and then in the Resistance movement. About half these 12,000 K.M.T. privateers, he says, are in the Shan States, living on the land, taking rice from the villages and doing a roaring trade smuggling opium across the frontier into Thailand. Military supplies are dropped on their main headquarters at Monghsat, and Maung Maung watched preparations for the present attack on this airstrip; he describes the enormous difficulties of transport, often with mules and elephants, and the work, carried out by local Shans of road building, irrigation and health services. His ironic, half-amused attitude to the Americans, without whose unofficial assistance in the airlift K.M.T. troops could not survive as military units, is, I should say, typical of South Asian opinion today. He declares that "the American is always on the look-out for causes to crusade for, people to rescue—if they are damsels in distress, so much the better." Once the crusade is over and he has done his duty, the American will, of course, "slip quietly away and not talk about it at all except on nation-wide hookups of radio and television, but publicity is not his desire. He just wants to feel good by doing good." How far will the Americans now carry the crusade to *end* the K.M.T. invasion of Burma?

* * *

Everyone knows about Harwell; Sellafield is slowly coming into public consciousness; but how many can give a meaning to Jodrell Bank? I couldn't till the other day; now I want to know a great deal more. It's the station run by the Physics Department of Manchester University where, if my unscientific mind has got it right, Professor Lovell and his assistants listen to the music of the spheres, or at least the radio waves emitted by the stars and planets. Professor Lovell —I believe the only Professor of Radio Astronomy in the country—reviews some books for us this week on current space questions: I can't think of any man with a better right to disbelieve in flying saucers.

* * *

The morning mist was still hanging about over the garden when I had the strangest conversation I have ever had with Mr. Park. I said, looking up at a just visible sun, that I was not sure whether the sun or cloud would win that day. Mr. Park said: "Well, it's Saturday, isn't it? You know the old saying—the sun always comes out on Saturday." "Now, really," I said, "why should you say that?" "Well," he said, rather hesitantly, "Saturday's the old-fashioned Sabbath, isn't it? Anyway, I have always noticed when it's foggy or raining cats and dogs on a Saturday, that the clouds will blow off just enough to let you see the sun sometime in the day."

CRITIC

RHETORICAL QUESTION

Now Franco receives his reward,
  The pledge of the Free World's affection,
Now dollars for bases are poured
  For liberty's fuller protection;
  If Franco against insurrection
Some freedom is forced to restrain,
  The Free World will waive its objection—
But where is the freedom of Spain?

When Franco assistance implored
  He stood in no fear of rejection,
For liberty must be restored
  To all under Soviet subjection.
  Free votes for the satellite section
The freedom crusade will obtain—
  But when did Spain hold an election?
And where is the freedom of Spain?

The past must be wisely ignored
  Or handled with great circumspection,
The Fascist's immaculate sword
  Points in the desired direction;
  A liberal dollar injection
Proves Franco did not work in vain
  To free Spain from Marxist infection—
But where is the freedom of Spain?

Envoi

Caudillo—excuse this reflection
  While all this, and Heaven, you gain—
With freedom you have no connection,
  For where is the freedom of Spain?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Delegates to the Taxation conference in Bournemouth this week-end were told that a farmer, after his wedding, arranged for his hens to feed on rice thrown at the church gate.

He was then able to enter his wedding expenses on his tax return—as part of the cost of running his farm.—*Bournemouth Daily Echo.* (Margaret Speller.)

One of the Technicolored Cheetas who appeared in the film "Quo Vadis," made a personal appearance at the Queens Cinema, Bayswater, this week. He was greeted by the Usherettes dressed as Vestal Virgins.—*Kensington News.* (B. M. Cave.)

Miss Cavalla is 24, has had over 600 offers of marriage, is now conducting London Transport buses from Victoria Garage.—*Picture Post.* (Walter Goldstein.)

Those Who Hate the U.N.

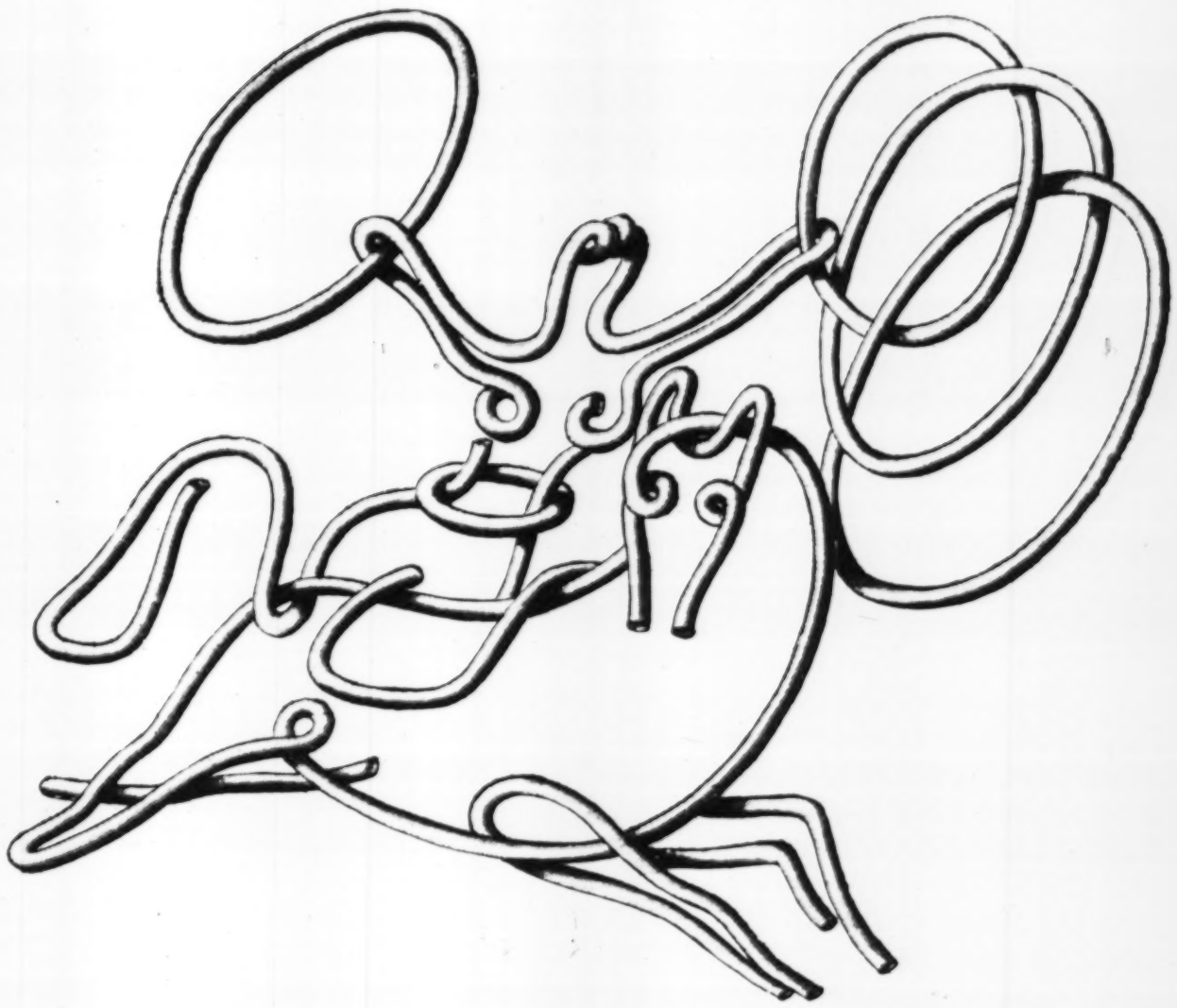
IN this glass-walled skyscraper on the East River, people behave as if they were manning a beleaguered outpost on hostile shores. Once, when this magnificent building was still going up, there was jubilation, for the structure seemed a material assurance that the United States would not shirk its responsibilities after World War II as it did after World War I. Today is a time of disillusionment, for everyone here feels the United Nations is chained to this piece of valuable real estate, and with it to the internal crises shaking the United States. Willingly or not, the United Nations finds its life affected by the squabbles within the Republican Party, by America's growing mood of isolationism, and by the entire complex of fears, frustration and intolerance which dominate the American national scene.

What makes the campaign against the U.N. especially significant is that it offers a common encampment to the entire corps of the self-styled "conservative-rightists." The old exponents of political and social hooliganism, with the odour of the Nazi "Bund" still fresh on them, are here in force. But along with them march new figures, with different stakes and objectives. One can find among them movie stars who want income taxes cut; isolationists who seek control of the Republican Party; fanatics who would purge all "internationalist" notions in the schools, and revive scholastic "fundamentalism"; those who still hope to see Gen. MacArthur in power; those who fear that the old American virtues are being despoiled by the imported "Socialist" ideas; and even lobbyists who seek to break up labour unions, keep Negroes out of desirable neighbourhoods, and bar Jews from the desirable hotels. Whatever their cause, for all of them the U.N. has now replaced the "New Deal" as a symbol of the evil each seeks to combat.

One illustration of how the anti-U.N. theme is inter-twined with all the themes of extreme nationalism and intolerance is provided by the "Congress of Freedom," held in Omaha on October 1-3. (Omaha was chosen because it is "in the heart of what is probably the greatest area of native-born in the United States.") Sponsored by something called "Operation America, Inc.," the conference drew an estimated 250 delegates, joined by some 350 "observers" and stray onlookers—a far cry from the "thousand or more" promised in the prospectus, but still a good number. For chairman, the sponsors picked Archibald B. Roosevelt, an investment banker and "Teddy" Roosevelt's only living son. The sponsors also invited, and ingeniously used the names of, Charles Lindbergh, Gen. A. C. Wedemeyer, Whittaker Chambers, Rep. Frederick R. Coudert, Jr., of New York, and Senator Karl E. Mundt, but none of these showed up. There were, however, among the speakers a New York Congressman, a past president of the American Bar Association, and one of Gen. MacArthur's closest former advisers. The delegates received greetings from the Mayor of Omaha.

What was this "Congress of Freedom" concerned about? Rep. Ralph W. Gwinn, the Republican statesman from New York, warned darkly that "we are already so sunk in Socialism that it is too late to call a halt in Washington." Frank Holman, a Seattle corporation lawyer, who has been travelling up and down the country attacking the United Nations and plugging the Bricker Amendment, declared once again that the "treaty law as contemplated by the United

TI is movement



TI, through its range of manufactures, is concerned with the details of mechanical movement . . . from the speed of a plane flying faster than sound to the power of a truck shifting ten times its weight . . . from the flash of a bicycle downhill to the ceaseless activity of some very small component, so balanced that it does not appear to be moving at all.

TI is a group of intercrelated engineering companies whose manufacturing activities are wide, including precision tubes, components for cars and ships, aeroplanes, locomotives, wrought aluminium, bicycles, metal sections, pressure vessels, electrical equipment and appliances, mechanical handling, machine tools, gland packings, bus body framing and seating, paints, road signs, tubular furniture.

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Nations" was a threat to "individual rights and the right of self-government." Frank Chodorov, Associate Editor of the nauseating news-letter, *Human Events*, demanded the repeal of the Sixteenth Amendment, providing for income taxes. (The income tax is "the open sesame to all our Socialistic experiments.") The woman editor of the obscure New York publication, *Educational Reviewer*, and a professor from an equally obscure Indiana college, rose to defend American education from "alien ideas"—including those carried in Unesco pamphlets. (The Omaha Education Association promptly denounced the two as enemies of public schools.) The two, incidentally, filled the gap left by John T. Flynn, that peerless hunter for scholastic subversion, who failed to appear. A man from St. Louis said brightly that the National Association of Manufacturers had shown interest in his plan to teach young people "the true ideals of the Constitution," and then have them infiltrate the two major parties. Finally, Brig. Gen. Bonner Fellers (ret.), once a member of MacArthur's "brains trust," pleaded for a stronger air force.

For many of these, baiting the United Nations is merely a profitable profession. But dollars and cents do not explain the emotional fervour of the movement. Some of those who hate the United Nations do so in the genuine belief that it menaces the established American ideals, or ties American hands in such key areas as Korea. Still others find in their attacks on the U.N. an outlet for excess energy, an opportunity to attract attention, or a way to express their suspicion of everything alien. Xenophobia, in fact, is a major ingredient in the anti-U.N. campaign, as it usually is in ultra-nationalist movements. Champions of free enterprise fear and detest the International Labour Office, with its talk of fair wages, job security, and free health service. And Southern racists hate the U.N. because it stands for racial equality. "The place, Suh, is swarming with niggers!"

An instructive case study of a U.N.-hater is provided by one Myron C. Fagan, a California playwright and political promoter. A hard-faced, intense man, Fagan has been hammering out a minor reputation for himself in the past half a dozen years—less by his literary achievements than by his attacks on Communism in Hollywood, forceful oratory on behalf of something called The Cinema Educational League, and pamphlets noted for their intemperance. By 1949, Fagan had become prominent in the move to subvert the California Republicans into ultra-nationalist channels. He battled the eminently respectable United World Federalists (whom he called "a gang of the most notorious and crafty Reds in America"); fought the proposal to fly U.N. flags over county buildings in Los Angeles; organised extremist mass meetings; and hobnobbed publicly with some of the most active anti-Semites in the country, including Gerald L. K. Smith and the Rev. Wesley Swift, Smith's former bodyguard and Ku-Klux-Klan organiser.

Back in January, 1946, Fagan recalls, he arrived in Washington for a conference with Congressman George Dondero and Senator Arthur Vandenberg, now dead, on the subject of "Red treason in high places in our Government." Also present were several members of both Houses, Army and Navy Intelligence officers, and Secret Service operators. Among the revelations he heard was that Hiss had been a spy "throughout all the years that he was in the State Department . . .; that the entire State Department was loaded with Commies; and that all our top Security secrets and codes had for many years been systematically delivered to Moscow. . . . Another open 'secret,' disclosed to me on that day, was that the blueprints of our highly secret Atom Bomb, together with the material to make that bomb, had been handed over to Moscow from the very inception of that project—*directly by order of Harry (the Hop) Hopkins*—no doubt with the knowledge and approval of Uncle Joe's long-time patron saint in America, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. . . ."

Fagan reports he was also told that the U.N. was originally planned by Stalin, who early in the Forties ordered Hiss and others to bring it into being. The reason Stalin wanted a U.N. was that if the Soviet Embassy in Washington were ever closed up, his agents could still freely move in and out of the United States. "Intimates of the perfidious Roosevelt have since revealed that that crafty charlatan had been outsmarted by Hiss. . . . Knowing that Roosevelt's most driving ambition was to become the first King of the World, he deluded the already mentally dying Roosevelt into the belief that he (Roosevelt) was laying the foundation for a King Roosevelt 'one world' Government. . . . There are those 'in the know' who contend that he committed suicide when he discovered how Hiss had walked him into that trap—others say he was 'knocked off' to prevent his blurting out the entire truth about that black conspiracy. . . ."

Why was Fagan told all this? Vandenberg quickly explained to him that the only way to smash the Red conspiracy was to put all the facts and names before the American people, and "you can do it by incorporating all the facts we have given you into a play." Fagan agreed. He was then granted interviews with other top officials and shown "top secret" archives. Fagan does not indicate why it took him three years to complete his *Rainbow*. It finally had its American premiere in Los Angeles in May, 1952, and was received by the critics with mixed feelings. After the notices came out, Fagan decided to withdraw the play after eight performances; it actually survived a dozen. Is this the end of Fagan? One strongly doubts it, for an operator who can find rich sponsors, or who has the United Nations for an ever-inviting target, cannot perish. He sees himself as "America's 20th-century Paul Revere," and urges his readers to place his pamphlets "into the hands of your pastor . . ., your doctor, your lawyer—and to *your child's school teacher*." His anti-Semitic tones grow harsher, his attacks on the United Nations become more hysterical. And behind it all, Fagan now nurses a new idea. Increasingly he is attacking President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles, and plugging the notion of "a new Party of Americans" that would "Hurl the U.N. out of the U.S."

I have dealt with Fagan at such length not only because he is a busy enemy of the United Nations, but also because his activities are a symptom of our times. How does a bigot like him prosper? What kind of a political climate is it that encourages rabid denunciations and insane charges? How does an associate of Gerald Smith find sponsors among respected clergymen and presidents of great universities? The answers lie in the fact that these seeming aberrations have now become an integral part of a far broader pattern. What Fagan and Gerald Smith say about the United Nations can be read, if usually in more moderate terms, in a hundred newspapers from coast to coast. Opinion polls show that the bulk of Americans are still behind the United Nations. But, as a special committee of the Conference Group of the U.S. National Organisations on the United Nations notes, this fact may not mean as much as it seems. The people do not support the United Nations; rather, they do not oppose it. But, in the face of the determined campaign by the U.N.-haters, the sentiment is changing. If, six months ago, the "blighted" anti-U.N. areas were confined to Southern California, Central Florida and Connecticut, the latest map I have seen also included Texas, Illinois, Indiana, and the cities of St. Louis, Mo., and New York.

Since the campaign against the United Nations is a part of the general malady, it is difficult to prescribe curatives for it. One cannot cure the hatred of the United Nations without curing the hatred of "creeping Socialism," or the unions, or the Fair Employment Practices Act. They all are parts of the same political fabric. Positive action is possible only when major segments of the population realise what is at stake in the campaign against the United Nations. One such segment is represented in America's great labour bodies. Unfortunately, almost none of them has yet shown any real awareness of the degree to which the destinies of organised labour are bound with the fate of the United Nations, or the minorities, or the American schools. In California, the same State Senator Jack B. Tenney who fraternised with Fagan and Smith, wrote a foul anti-Semitic pamphlet, and attacked the United Nations, also drafted the notorious "Freedom of Choice" Amendment to the State Constitution, which would have broken Californian unions. And it is a foregone conclusion that when the next session of Congress early next year takes up the consideration of two virulently anti-labour Bills, the foes of the United Nations will be among the most vigorous supporters of these Bills. The two great labour federations in the United States seemingly have not yet learned that political climate is indivisible; a storm for the United Nations is also a storm for labour.

The United Nations is going through evil days largely because it was brought into existence in the era of "cold war." Things have been made even worse because the U.N. skyscraper happens to face not Lake Geneva, but the East River, in a land wracked by domestic fears and uncertainties. Things may get better; but as they watch the mailmen struggling in with the daily load of anti-U.N. propaganda, U.N. officials are frankly apprehensive. "It's terrible now," they say. "What will happen if and when there is a depression!"

MARK GAYN

Cold War Frontier

HAD I been dropped into that crowded hall out of the sky and given three guesses as to my whereabouts, I should have been most surprised to find myself in the East End of Berlin, well behind the "Curtain." The background was petty-bourgeois rather than proletarian, the atmosphere that of a Sunday School rather than a Marxist meeting. Girls and boys in their Sunday-best curtseying and bowing to the Herr Pastor who had prepared them for Holy Communion; staid burghers and their buxom wives earnestly listening to an exceedingly highbrow and very ethical playlet, a sermon, and a choir.

"Well," I said to my guide on that first evening in Berlin, "there seems to be no terrorism here." He admitted that the building, formerly confiscated by the authorities, had been restored to the Church for its lawful business. We ventured out into the dismally desolate and shabby streets. But then, they would be desolate at that time of night and they had been almost as shabby when I knew them as a boy forty years ago.

Walking to the Alexanderplatz we encountered a Fairground; and as I found youngsters crowding the merry-go-rounds for 30 or 50 Ostpfennigs a time, I thought that things couldn't be quite so bad. In a huge and crowded restaurant we

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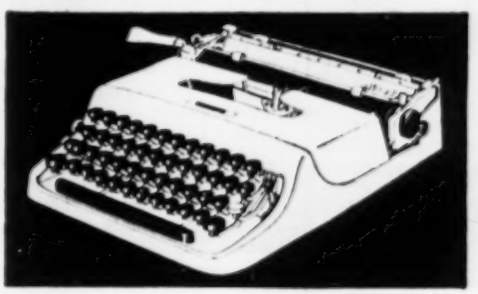

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had a square, if unappetising, meal at about 20 Ostmarks for the two of us, very cheap for a Westerner, just not too prohibitive for an Easterner of the higher-income groups—and roughly seven shillings for an Englishman.

We took a taxi and went up and down the Stalin-Allee, well over a mile of brand new apartment houses, office buildings and department stores, all brilliantly floodlit and quite as impressive as it is meant to be—the East's glorious answer to the flashy shop-windows of the Kurfurstendamm. Since it was getting on for midnight, there wasn't a soul about; I had the eery feeling of moving through a gigantic stage-set. I was soon to be told that that is exactly what it is—shoddy and poky little rooms behind the glittering facade. I can but hope that this is maliciously exaggerated slander; for, try as I would, I was denied any facilities to see for myself and to obtain some insight into this or any other East-German achievement. All I could do was to buy a pamphlet informing me that Grotewohl laid the corner-stone of that magnificent show-avenue on February 3, 1952, "the seventh anniversary of one of the worst terror-raids of Anglo-American air-gangsters on the German Capital." Considering that this raid was mainly in support of the Red Army advancing on Hitler's last funk-hole, I would find it hard to say what saddened me more: that little piece of cheap hypocrisy, or the crass stupidity of officialdom trying to hide matters rather than explain (and improve) them.

I should have liked to ask the East Berlin officials their views about the thousands of refugees I saw queueing up in the reception centres and camps, the hundreds of wretched people I saw collecting food parcels. If indeed every one of them is a monopoly capitalistic imperialist and a Fascist agent, then they must be the most consummate actors I have ever seen.

Having receded to a mere score or two a day after the peak figure of 16,000 a week in early March (47,661 in the whole of March), the refugee figures have resumed a steady upward trend, ever since the aftermath of June 17 seemed to indicate a toughening rather than a softening of the situation. All through October the figure was well over 500 a day and, significantly, it includes a steadily rising proportion of industrial workers and even the building workers who were privileged to work on the Stalin-Allee. But the majority are still farmers who found it impossible to fulfil their delivery quotas, farm labourers and a rising proportion of *Volkspolizei*, young policemen, who had had a row with their superiors. Almost invariably I found the immediate cause of flight to have been some minor quarrel or trouble; yet, in leaving their home and possessions these people know well enough that they face weeks of austerity in camp, many hours of queueing day by day, and at the end of the dreary pilgrimage nothing to show for it but an air passage to somewhere unknown where, as likely as not, they will find a miserable dole rather than a job of work.

But far more wretched still—and indeed hopeless—I found those who lined up to collect their food parcel. I have been nauseated by the mere idea of waging Cold War on the stomach nerves of the poor; yet, when seeing them one cannot but feel that these are proper objects of charity rather than power-politics. They do need the stuff. For who in his senses would deliberately risk the pillory—and they *are* pilloried when found out—who would get up at dawn, walk for hours, and queue for hours, all for a few miserable tins of food, worth about five bob, if the need were not urgent? I am quite sure that most of those I saw were driven by need rather than greed, and though I only saw a few hundred in one of many depots, I was assured that they were a rather average lot. When I saw it in the second week of October, well over 2½ million food parcels had been distributed, no one getting more than one. A few days later that operation ended, and clothing was substituted for food.

Rather than relate the appallingly monotonous sob stories told by these wretched people, I will report the case of the one man who looked neither undernourished nor dejected. He had been an independent baker in a town up North, near the Baltic, the shop having been in his family for generations. Two years ago he was dispossessed and put to work in the local Co-op. shop at 1.15 Ostmarks an hour, which nets him the equivalent of £5 10s a month. He shares a room with two colleagues at his place of work, but he can find no accommodation for his wife, who works as a charwoman in a Government office somewhere in Thuringia. He had repeatedly but vainly tried to get a job there for himself and accommodation for both of them. He had taken the day off to try again, and having to pass Berlin on the way, it had occurred to him that he might as well pick up that food parcel.

It may well be said that the state of a nation cannot be fairly assessed on the impression conveyed by its most wretched and disgruntled members and those actually trying to escape. Admittedly, owing to the completely unco-operative attitude of the Eastern authorities, my efforts in fact-finding were restricted, but it so happened that I was given an opportunity of seeing the apparently undisgruntled part of the nation in circumstances which ought to have seemed ideal from the viewpoint of whoever is Dr. Eisler's successor as Minister of Propaganda. It so happened that the fourth anniversary of the Republic fell on the Wednesday of my week in Berlin. Naturally it was a public holiday, and naturally it was organised as well as such demonstrations can be organised. The flags, the bunting, the fireworks were all there, and so were the crowds, scores of thousands milling around the huge Marx-Engels Platz at the Eastern end of Unter den Linden. Yet, it was the mood of that crowd—the very thing that could not be organised—that I found so shatteringly revealing. They were well enough behaved, to be sure, but I have never seen so large a crowd so utterly and obviously bored and indifferent. They stood and ambled around in small groups, talking office and family gossip while half a mile away we could see the circular stands of the invited guests and Pieck, Grotewohl, Nuschke making their speeches.

We could hear them too, since huge amplifiers were all over the place. Yet, in well over an hour I did not see a single person paying the slightest attention to the placid stream of platitudes droning on and on. When Pieck had gratefully accepted his unanimous re-election to office the National anthem—Becher's and Eisler's new one—was struck up, and naturally my two British colleagues and I stood at attention. We were the only ones. All round us I could not see one single person doing so. People just kept their hands in their pockets and ignored it.

Compared with my last visit to East Berlin a few years ago, I found the change in the mood of the people very remarkable. I used to think that a substantial minority—say 30 per cent.—were genuinely in favour of the régime. I doubt if now it is as much as 10 per cent. How does the West react to all that? Gleefully, to say the least. And while only last year anyone would throw up his hands in horror when the mere possibility of war was mentioned, now for the first time, I found people in the West calmly taking another war for granted.

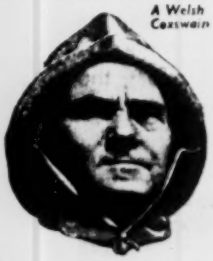
HEINRICH FRAENKEL.

Pigs, Poultry and Penicillin

THE public sale of penicillin and of the other antibiotics more recently available has always been subject to limitations in Great Britain. The layman can get them only on a doctor's prescription (or in hospital), and the farmer only on the authority of a veterinary surgeon. Various Acts of Parliament and Statutory Instruments control the production as well as the distribution of these substances. The reasons for this somewhat complicated legal position lie in the early history of the antibiotics.

When penicillin was first manufactured in this country there were overwhelming demands for supplies to the armed forces; the material then available was crude—it probably contained no more than 10 per cent. of penicillin diluted with much inert material—and methods of manufacture were complex and costly. It was vital that the limited supplies available should be economically used and so directed as to make a maximum contribution to the war effort. For some considerable time, therefore, the whole of the supplies made here were distributed by the authority of the Ministry of Health. This was intended to prevent waste, which is usually regarded as using more than is necessary.

With the antibiotics, however, there is another and much subtler form of waste—that is, using less than is necessary! There are two objections to this, one general and one specific. The general



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objection is that the patient is not cured, and may get worse, in the absence of adequate or alternative treatment. But the use of antibiotics, and of the sulphonamides before them, involves the serious risk—less with penicillin than with some of the more recently introduced substances—of producing by under-treatment a strain of micro-organism that becomes increasingly resistant to the drug, so that, even though a first attack might be subdued, a subsequent attack might fail altogether to respond to the accepted antibiotic. It was, therefore, essential to secure, without running the risk of waste by excessive treatment with what was at first an expensive drug, that there should be no undue risk run of under-dosage and building up resistant strains of infective organisms. From this followed obviously the necessity that the general public should not have access to these drugs and that their use in treatment must depend on the decision of a medical practitioner.

Within the last two years the whole position has undergone a change owing to a discovery, in part fortuitous, that can have revolutionary consequences. It has been now proved beyond doubt that certain antibiotics, particularly penicillin and aureomycin, can enhance the growth-rate of young pigs, chickens and turkeys. The consequences of this discovery raised serious administrative problems. If penicillin was to be made free to the farmer for addition to the diets of such animals as would benefit from it, it was obviously impossible to maintain the restriction imposed by insistence upon a medical or a veterinary prescription. Special arrangements had therefore to be made for allowing the incorporation of penicillin or aureomycin in certain animal feeding-stuffs, with necessary provision for correct description on the package and proper instructions as to use.

After consultations between the Ministries of Health and of Agriculture, the logical consequences of three years' investigations were put before Parliament, and on September 1 it became legal for the first time in this country to obtain penicillin without a doctor's prescription. The risks against which the original legislation were intended to guard are in no way increased by this, because it would be a practical and economic impossibility for any one to extract from the penicillin-enriched feeding-stuffs and concentrate sufficient of the drug in a suitable form to be available for human use.

What caused the Ministries to decide that this extended use of antibiotics, for purposes that may fairly be called sym-biotic, should be not merely permitted but actively encouraged? Part of the story is told in a report issued by the Agricultural Research Council under the title "Antibiotics in Pig Food." This describes certain experiments on pigs carried out under the Council's auspices to confirm some earlier work, in which it was found that young pigs and runts would show enhanced growth-rates from weaning if antibiotics were added to their feeds. This work in turn succeeded similar work on chickens showing closely analogous benefits from the now recommended practice; the same is true of turkey poults.

Three different and seemingly disconnected lines of research converged on the discovery of the growth-promoting activities of penicillin and aureomycin, the two antibiotics now legally recognised by the Ministry as suitable for incorporating in pig and poultry feeds. The first was the isolation, independently and almost simultaneously by teams of industrial chemists in this country and the United States, of the factor in liver responsible for its therapeutic effect in pernicious anæmia. The second was the discovery that this substance—first called vitamin B_{12} and now also cyanocobalamin—could raise the value of vegetable proteins in the diets of laboratory and farm animals and make them as good, or very nearly as good, as animal proteins. The third was the finding in America that vitamin B_{12} was synthesised by certain of the organisms being used for making streptomycin and aureomycin—species of the genus *Streptomyces* and members of the family of actinomycetes.

Consequently it was reasonable to assume that there would be some vitamin B_{12} in the fungal mycelia that are filtered off and thrown away while aureomycin or streptomycin is extracted from the liquors produced by *S. aureofaciens* or *S. griseus* respectively. Why not, it was suggested, feed these "spent" mycelia to young pigs and poultry, especially those receiving an all-vegetable diet, and thereby raise its value to that of feeds containing animal protein. This was tried, and it was indeed found that these residues exercised a marked stimulating effect on growing poultry and pigs.

It then occurred to some awkward person to sit down and do some calculations. It was possible with fair accuracy to determine the amount of "residual" vitamin B_{12} in the mycelia of *Streptomyces* separated from the fermentation liquors. Its effect on the growth of young animals could thus be compared with that of the same quantity of extracted and purified vitamin B_{12}. When this was done, the answers showed far from agreement. The spent mould was so much more effective than the vitamin B_{12} it contained as to make certain that something else was stimulating the growth of the animals under test. It became necessary to assume the presence of another, and a highly potent, growth-factor in these mycelia. Intensive work was devoted to isolating it. Much astonishment was expressed when it was identified beyond doubt as aureomycin or streptomycin according to which spent mould had been used.

The effect of the antibiotic is only manifest during the early and rapid growth period of the animals' lives. It is used for bringing day-old chicks more rapidly to "table weight" and piglings more rapidly to bacon weight. It does not result in larger adult animals than those given the same foods without the addition of antibiotics; what it does give is animals of the same size more quickly and with a total intake of less food. The gain in time means a more rapid turnover of the farmer's capital; the gain in efficiency of food conversion means a reduction in his running costs. Among other benefits, it greatly stimulates the growth of the runts in pig litters and it may dramatically reduce the number of culls among growing chicks and turkeys. It produces no untoward effects on the animals during their subsequent lives and detectable quantities do not persist in the flesh of the animal when it appears on the consumer's plate. Little is known about the real value of antibiotics in the rearing of young ruminants, such as calves and lambs. At present, for technical or economic reasons, only penicillin or aureomycin can legally be added to animal feeding-stuffs.

Several explanations of the facts have been suggested, but not one of them seems adequate; possibly more than one may be correct. The whole position is somewhat paradoxical, when we remember how much has recently been said of

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the "lag" between scientific discovery and its application to industry. Here the position is almost reversed. Application seems to have been discovered first and scientific understanding of the process involved is yet to seek.

A. L. BACHARACH

Across Ireland

I HAD heard that Limerick is still a city of Rain and Sodalities, and that Kilkenny still has Butlers, but my information about this Galway was a bit muddled. Now, as I stood in the wind at the tip of the pier and looked across the angry bay to Black Head—sinister in its lonely grandeur—why did I think of crooners in New York flop-houses? Yes. Just about now they would be jerking tears, and nickels, from exiled bar-tenders by reminding them that one day they would watch the sun go down o'er Galway Bay. But would they? Would they want to, except as touring Yanks scraping big cars up boreens to photograph a crumbling cottage—original home of the inevitable Irish Grandmother? I remembered the story of one of those big cars that got a mudguard dinted against the side of a creel-cart. The man sitting on the load of turf had other things to think about. So when the big car had scraped past and the American, looking at his damaged wing, shouted back: "Well, Blast you, Brother," he politely touched his hat and answered: "And Blast you kindly, Sir."

I had to be in Dublin that night, so I got into the car and headed East. On the Oranmore road I gave a lift to a man who had come over from Aran on the little steamer, *Dun Aengus*, which plies twice weekly between the Islands and the Mainland. When I asked the man how were things on the Islands, he said, "Great. The Aran people are better off than ever they were." I asked had they at last taken to fishing. "Ah sure, there's no fish in it," said he, "the foreign trawlers have all the fish frightened off, but the Government is giving £30 an acre for reclaimed land." My recollection of Aran was of fields of flat rock, with only pockets of soil in corners and crevices. I asked were they blasting out the rock. "No," he said, "but they are spreading sand on it." The only trouble was that some of the people, too lazy to go to the sand-dunes, were excavating in front of their houses. But gradually the holes were being filled in with empty food tins. Getting rid of tins was always a problem. I asked were the people talking Irish. He said: "Yes. The greatest improvement of all is in the Language. Some of the younger generation knows no English—like a couple of hundred years ago."

The car was rolling along roads excellently signed and surfaced but frequently blocked by "Road Under Repair" boards, where for a hundred yards or so hardy-looking men and up-to-date machinery bustled in the interests of the Tourist Trade. Then for long stretches the the country seemed uninhabited. I noticed many large modern airy-looking buildings which my passenger told me were hospitals and sanatoria. He said that there is much less T.B. in the country nowadays; that a young Minister for Health in the last, Coalition, Government had tackled that problem seriously and had made a job of it. "It's a pity" he mused "that he didn't last longer, and maybe poor Liam from Inishere would be well today." I asked what happened to Liam, and he told me: "He'd a bad, grumbling stomach, and was taken over to hospital. But after a fortnight he remembered one morning that it was "steamer day" and he asked for his clothes, dressed himself and went back home to the Island. No doctor or nurse had ever looked at him from the day he went in." "Yes" he went on, looking at me tentatively, "young Dr. Noel Browne had some good ideas—but sure there was some powerful opposition to them."

We passed several tractors rattling along the roads, though I did not notice any working in the fields. A young statistician with whom I had talked in Cork told me in round figures how the tractors had increased over the years without, he remarked, such a marked increase in the acreage tilled. Some farmers, he said, only produced the same crops. But they got the work done faster "and so have more time to go to the Races." My fellow-traveller was of the same opinion: "Some of the lads take them to go to Dances when their bicycles are punctured, and they'll be needing them now that they have to go farther for an all-night Dance. In the West, you know, the Bishop stops dancing at midnight." That, somehow, reminded me of a young farmer friend near Dublin. For years he had slaved and sweated on a barren mountainy farm, and he had prospered. Last time I met him he was saving up for a little car. The family was sick of pushing bicycles up from the village. "Let them push another while," I suggested, "and you'll soon be able to buy a tractor." He shrugged. "And wouldn't I look well going to half-eleven Mass on a tractor?"

We were still talking tractors at Kilcock, my friend's destination; and, as I let him down, he remarked enigmatically: "Of course a lot of them were only the leavings of E.C.A." Then my mind went back to an evening in 1948 when I had laughed at a short paragraph in an Irish newspaper: *The Ballynucklish Branch of the Labour Party disapproves of Marshall Aid.* Had what then looked like a Skibbereen Eagle been really a fledgling Phœnix? And, if so, why had it nestled back into it's ashes?

I had reached Dublin, for a night's rest before catching the mail-boat at Dun Laoghaire. After a month of trying, in vain, to rediscover Ireland, I was leaving again with the same haunting nostalgia as of old. Here was my pleasant homeland, its people calm and leisurely—and self-satisfied. The small-town hucksters of other days were now substantial business men, their sons adding Art and Ethics to Private Enterprise. The remnants of old I.R.A. Flying Columns were now throwing Parliamentary clichés, instead of bombs, at their brothers across the floor of Dail Eireann—their sons adding metaphysics to politics. Nobody adding much of any practical value to the march of a nation—or a world—towards a better future. Ireland's mind, I thought, is in the 19th century, while she is playing at 1953.

In my childhood in the South of Ireland anyone who got an itch to bustle, and worry about getting things done, was soothed with the saying, "It'll be all one in a hundred years," which at least suggested a more disinterested approach than its present selfish-sounding substitute: "After me the deluge." And—before the deluge—Dublin does look prosperous. Crowded bars and race-courses, expensive cars and parties. I got one glimpse of a demonstration by the Dublin Unemployed Association when a procession of very determined-looking young men—mostly in their twenties, I guessed—marched briskly down a side-street flanked by a fringe of very large Civic Guards. I heard later that some of the young men ended the day in hospital or in Mountjoy Gaol, but somebody interrupted my informer to say that, "Dev is taking steps, and he'll find work for them if anybody can." I wondered. If not, round goes the wheel again—Birmingham or Canada or New York. Again the exiles' maudlin dreams and the syrupy invitations to "Come Back To Erin" and "Watch the Sun Go Down O'er Galway Bay." And Ireland, for the Irish, is unforgettable. But there is a shadow across the country, a somnambulism that troubles our dreams. The West's Asleep—and her worst friends tread softly. "It would be a pity to waken her." So they say.

J. B. MARTIN

The General's Jew

THIS happened at a Headquarters in the Far East which had better remain nameless. At the time I was a rather junior staff officer, an S.O. III, if such echoes of the past still mean anything to you. I was the only Jew there, and, at any rate as far as my General was concerned, an object not devoid of interest. I think I must have been the first Jew he had ever met, socially speaking, and he was conscious of having thereby acquired great breadth of vision. He favoured me in very obvious ways: I always sat at his table in the mess, the only one of my rank to do so. At frequent intervals he inquired after my health as though afraid of losing me and the distinction I conferred; once he even lent me his car.

What he said about me to his cronies I don't know; but I feel sure that if one of them boasted, over drinks, of some particularly valuable acquisition in his mess—say, central heating or a Chinese cook able to make real Yorkshire pudding—my General would turn with that very slow smile of his and say: "Ah, but I've got a tame Jew on my staff. Interesting fellow, eats with knife and fork, just like the rest of us, but what a brain!"

Another of his amiable traits was that he took no offence at my rather mildly expressed Left-wing views. He himself never took part in political discussions in the mess; usually he got up and left, frankly bored by the talk. But he always referred to my department as the "Soviet Consulate," and as such it became good-naturedly known throughout Headquarters.

It was in the "Soviet Consulate" that I first heard about the chaplain's visit. One afternoon my telephone rang. It was the General speaking.

"That you, Ross?" I said it was.

"You are Jewish, aren't you?" He knew it perfectly well, of course. But there was still an

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element of disbelief that needed occasional reassurance.

"A Jewish rabbi is coming up from Singapore for two days. I've just had the signal. I want you to put on a show for him."

I asked him what sort of show he had in mind.

"You know the sort of thing," he said. "A church parade; the chaps may want to talk to him individually; perhaps there are not enough prayer books or something. I want to see a jolly good turnout. You'd better start rounding up your fellows now."

Rounding up my fellows consisted in sending for a nominal roll and extracting the names of those whose religion was Jewish. I found eleven and gave instructions for them to be paraded outside my office the next morning.

At the appointed time, a rather sullen, heterogeneous group assembled; not knowing the reason for the parade, they automatically assumed the worst. I told them as briefly and as honestly as I could what was expected of them. They seemed no more than normally resentful; it meant, of course, cleaning buttons, blancoing belts, and doing a variety of chores held in great contempt by Headquarters staff anywhere. One man, however, who had come on parade in something that looked very much like bedroom slippers, said he did not want to go. "I am a specialist," he claimed. "I don't have to go."

Patiently I tried to make him see it as a matter of unit solidarity, not of religion. But he shifted his weight from one slippered foot to the other and repeated that he was a specialist, presumably implying that he had been called up for a specific purpose which, whatever it was, did not include visits to the synagogue.

"Why are you wearing slippers on parade?" I asked him.

"I am excused feet by the M.O., sir."

"You mean you are excused boots."

"There's nothing wrong with the boots, sir. It's my feet."

Clearly I was no match for a specialist. The others began to feel it, too. The first tentative titters made themselves heard.

The General had been hovering in the background, just having a look at us. No doubt he felt that, on such a parade, argument might easily get the better of discipline. He felt he ought to be at hand if needed. I called the parade to attention and went to report to him.

"Are these your Jews?" he asked.

I tried to convey in my reply that I felt they were his as much as mine.

"Couldn't you find any more than that?"

I explained the method of rounding them up.

"I see," he said. "I suppose we are too late to indent for a few more from other units."

At that moment a well-drilled squad of engineers in clean denims marched past. The General followed them longingly with his eyes until they disappeared behind another building. Then he looked at me.

"No, you can't, sir," I said. "Definitely not."

Slowly the General walked over to my squad and addressed them: "You have been told what this is all about. Now I want you to put up a very good show when your chaplain comes. You're all going to put on your best battle dress and be a credit to this Headquarters. When the chaplain asks whether there are any complaints, I don't want you to come the old soldier and act dumb. A soldier who has no complaints is an indifferent soldier, an idle man who can't be bothered. I expect you to have suitable complaints ready when the chaplain comes."

After lunch the General called me to his office. "Don't forget to meet the chaplain at the airport. I shan't be dining in mess tonight, so I want you to look after him. All set for tomorrow?"

I told him that the men were a little worried about this business of complaints. They couldn't think of anything.

"Don't they play ping-pong?" he asked.

I said that I thought some of them did.

"Well, there you are for a start. There are never enough ping-pong balls. Then there's the mail. They can always complain about that, can't they?" Here, he suggested, were three or four suitable topics to pass on to the men. In the end he asked me: "Who was that horrible man who came on parade in carpet slippers?"

"Oh," I said. "He's a specialist."

The chaplain arrived later that afternoon. He was a young man, quite pleasant, who was very tired after his flight, excused himself soon after dinner and went to bed.

Next morning the men paraded again outside my office, this time in best battle dress and not looking quite so much of a shower. Even the specialist was there, in black patent leather pumps with pointed toes. Every window in Headquarters was occupied by spectators. We came in for a good deal of ribald encouragement. Even the General was at his window, not leaning out, of course, but keeping his eye on us, trying to decide whether there were too many Jews for his liking or too few, and marvelling at the havoc wrought by modern warfare.

The Regimental Sergeant Major had turned out to inspect the men and to hiss unprintable comments about missing buttons and twisted gaiters as he passed between the ranks. He called the parade to attention for me, they turned smartly right (all, that is, except the specialist who turned briefly left but soon realised his mistake), and we marched off to the local synagogue. The service went off without a hitch. In fact, it went rather well, for I had discovered a scholarly type from Stamford Hill who read a portion of the Law in fluent sing-song Hebrew. And, after lunch, those men who wanted to see the chaplain individually, paraded again; I believe there were three or four of them.

At dinner that night, the General tried to engage the rabbi in conversation, but it was rather heavy going. They seemed to have singularly little in common, and my efforts to find mutually interesting topics were without success. Only once did I see the General's face light up; that was when the chaplain commented on the keenness and turn-out of the men, and said that he would send them ping-pong balls from Singapore as they had complained of being unable to buy any at the Naafi.

The next day was a Sunday. On Sunday mornings I usually played squash, and I asked the chaplain whether he would like a game. He seemed quite keen, and we went down to the courts before most of the others were about. Out of uniform and without his heavy glasses, he was transformed into a rather athletic young man who chased me all over the court and had no trouble in beating me.

The General, too, was a squash addict and sometimes asked me to play if he couldn't find anyone better. That morning he must have strolled down to look for a partner and stayed to watch us play. When I had enough, I walked back to change.

"Who's that fellow?" the General asked me.

"That's the rabbi," I said.

"Well, I'm damned." The General hesitated for a moment. Then he walked past me, went up to my partner and asked him for a game. While they knocked up, I had a shower and dressed. When I came back to watch, they were already scoring. It was a memorable game. Neither of them were outstanding players, although I believe the General had been a good one in his youth. The rabbi was a very hard hitter, but tended to be erratic under pressure. The General was cunning and tricky, but could be upset by too much chasing. Neither man spoke a word; even the conventional courtesies were inaudible. The rabbi was grey-faced and grim; the General near apoplexy.

In the decisive set, the rabbi established a small lead; then the General began to pull up until they were level. Seven all, and the General to serve. As he positioned himself for his service, with the rabbi crouching at the back to receive the ball, I really feared for his life. I knew he was putting more into this than he could afford. I thought he might have a stroke. . . . Well, the General didn't have a stroke and he won the match. But for the first time since I had known him play, he did not have his shower at the courts; he went to his room to lie down.

When he came down for lunch, I saw him look round for someone. "Where's your friend?" he asked me. "I want him to have a drink."

I told him that the rabbi had gone to visit an outlying unit.

"Oh, has he?" said the General, lowering himself tenderly into an armchair. "You'd better have that drink with me then."

I got the General's and mine. When I returned, he was talking to the Brigadier. "Played squash with that chaplain fellow from Singapore this morning," I heard him say. "Nice little game." He looked tired, and he looked very happy.

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A SET PROBLEM

Figures in a Setting is the title of an exhibition which opens today at the Tate. It has been organised by the Contemporary Arts Society. The Society, sensibly aware of the confusion that exists because of all the different trends and aims of contemporary art, decided that to set a number of painters a traditional problem (the problem of relating figures to an interior or landscape) might help to clarify people's ideas. They invited 100 artists to participate, stipulating only a minimum size (one dimension to be at least 3ft) and the subject—figures in a setting.

A few painters on the lunatic fringe of the abstract movement ignored the subject and submitted grids, scribbles and donkey work, protesting—with extraordinary unconscious irony—that the scheme was perversely narrow. But the majority (including several less prejudiced abstractionists) have taken the occasion seriously. And as a result, the show really gives one something to bite on—both in terms of human content and in painterly terms of traditional criticism. There are at least twenty paintings worth studying, enjoying and talking about.

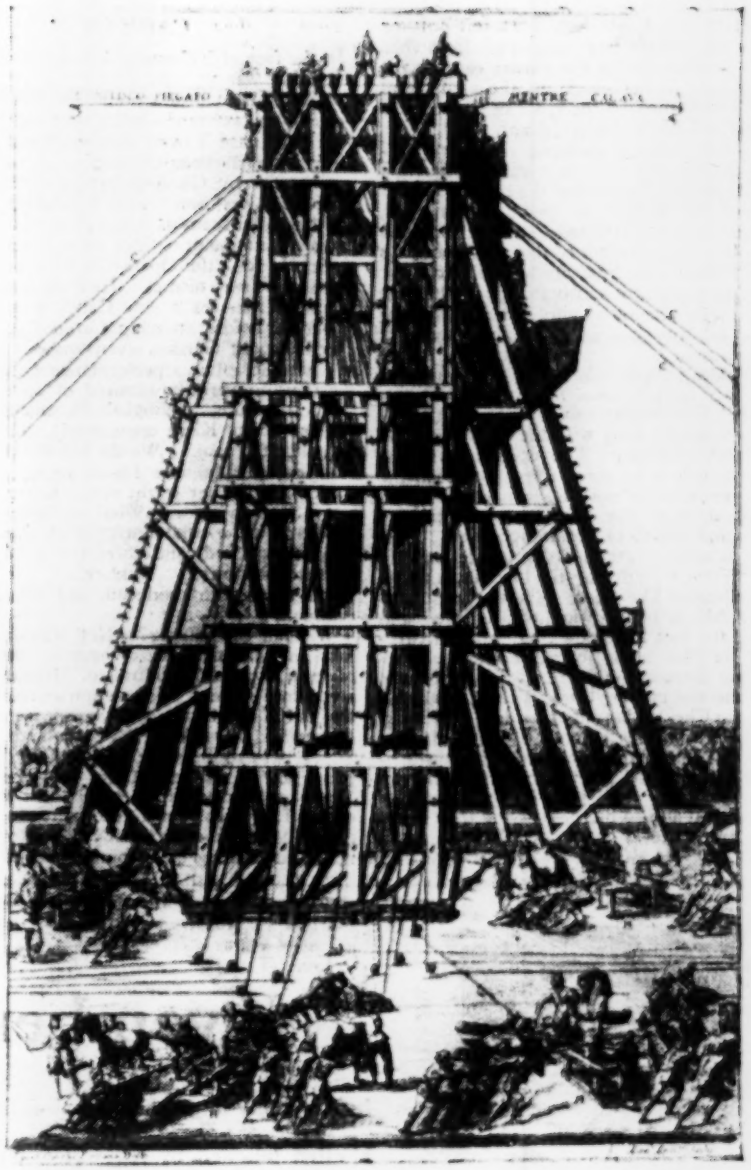
Brian Robb has a *Portrait of an Artist*, a warm grey picture, the routes through it established by the red of the artist's waistcoat, the colour accents of two figures in the background and the paths of biscuit-coloured light. As with Robb's other portrait in last year's London Group, its character depends on a mysterious sense of movement implied by a really quite static figure, on the sense of a personality recognised in a split second. The lanky, grinning, nervous man stands there rather like a flamingo caught unawares and just about to turn away; or like an expert comedian who has come to the very front of the stage and is about to change his whole personality yet again. The left arm is weak and possibly all the drawing is a little fey. It remains, however, impressive because it contains a firm presence.

Stella Steyn's *Models at the Grand Chaumière*, although less intensely painted, is compelling in a somewhat similar manner. One feels the two nudes (they are resting) sharing their femininity—not perversely—but with all the tittle-tattle secrets of the whole tradition of the feminine toilet. The twisting back of the left-hand figure, the bumps of her curved backbone and her puckered-up flesh, has been well seen; the right-hand figure is less satisfactory—her bottom rests on the stool as awkwardly as a pebble on a mantelpiece.

Michael Tootill's large *Witch Hunt*—a picture of real witches, huge masks, pitchforks, broom sticks, torture and brimstone—has some of the megalomania of a John Martin. The drawing is also weak, the chiaroscuro shadows tearing at the flesh of his figures and stripping them into pieces. Yet at the same time the picture's energy and sense of urgency make it outstanding.

Josef Herman's *Burgundian Scene*, a long canvas of peasants squatting down to their lunch in a field, is as powerful as anything he has yet done. The blunt, foreshortened limbs of the group, their heads, their flasks of wine, make up a sort of town of forms with the bare sweep of the field behind like a red sky above the town. Consequently one is made aware of how—in the full sense of the words—they are "gathered together." My only criticism is that, at both ends of the group, shadow bleeds the picture off into the frame. I believe it would have had more strength if, on the right-hand side, the last forms had been more starkly silhouetted.

I cannot understand why Robert Medley is not a more popular painter than he is. His pictures are eminently "hangable," elegant, and with a sense of painterly *savoir-faire*—by which I don't mean slickness—that no other English painter (except, perhaps, John) can equal. His *Antique Room* in this show is pure pleasure for the eye ("an armchair for the senses"). The stool in the



"Acqua alle corde!" The Obelisk in the Piazza di San Pietro in Rome was erected in 1586 with the help of 800 workmen and 140 horses. This detail from Carlo Fontana's engraving gives some idea of the splendid grandeur of the operation.

It was a close thing, so the story goes. The architect had not allowed for the enormous strain on the ropes and their consequent stretching. But, though silence was imposed under pain of death, one of the workmen—a sailor from San Remo—shouted at the critical moment: "Acqua alle corde!" And the water on the ropes, tautening them, saved the day.

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bottom left corner might have been left out—or anyway is too complicated; but, apart from this, one's eye wanders among the plaster casts to the distant student at her easel, up the sunlit wall above, and back through the space of the room to the picture surface, in sheer delight.

Martin Froy has a painting of figures silhouetted against the light in a café. The light itself is almost pure white and the movement and gestures of the figures are insinuated, muffled, muted, against this in the most striking way. As always before a genuine visual discovery, one says to oneself, "Here is an artist who has really looked: so simply, so straightforwardly that he has become original." The accents of pure red and blue are a mistake; arbitrary and justified only in terms of the composition.

Peter Foldes's *Figures in Flight* is of a mother and child cringing from a half-animal, vulture-like bomb. The allegory convinces and the painting of the woman's body with the child clutching her is genuinely moving. The inconsistent part is her head, which is far more formalised than the rest: the gimlet-hole nostrils, wooden nose and such-like, destroy the logic of the figure's humanity and therefore our indignation.

Other pictures worth noticing are Humphrey Spender's railway platform—the lines shooting off into the distance like tracer bullets: John Minton's portrait—a little disjointed (do the hand today and the foot tomorrow), but with an effective use of the angle between the perspective looking down at the floor and the perspective looking into the mirror; Carel Weight's painting of a ghost in Chekhovian suburbia; Elinor Bellingham Smith's Ophelias living sadly ever after in a tea garden; John Armstrong's calm but disturbing St. Teresa and Michael Ayrton's children in a wood—the lower child playing with a tortoise is more relaxed and so more satisfying than many of his recent figures.

JOHN BERGER

CARMEN

ON the face of it *Carmen*, written for the Opéra-Comique, was an odd choice for a lavish new Covent Garden production. In the event it is exceedingly welcome—in its own right, and not merely because Tyrone Guthrie's Sadler's Wells production has been allowed to go to pieces, or because Covent Garden's previous effort, in sets by Burra, was never very satisfactory. For it had begun to seem as if *Carmen* was to be perennially disappointing, not only in England, but in France too: the Opéra-Comique performance last season was dismal. Had we resigned ourselves to wait for a new Calvé, a new Gay or Supervia, before enjoying *Carmen* again? No need—Covent Garden, even without a superlative heroine, offers a performance worthy of this, the most universally admired of operas.

Though sung in English (a much improved version of the Klein translation), this is not an "English *Carmen*." We do not see the familiar Kensington lady who roams round the Heath with a rose in her teeth; nor, admittedly, do we see a Spanish gipsy. What we have at Covent Garden is a *Carmen* stunningly mounted, imaginatively produced, and recreated musically with the utmost finesse. Wakhevitch has designed, Anthony Asquith produced, and John Pritchard conducts.

What of the singing? Nell Rankin, Carmen, has an alluring mezzo-soprano, smooth and creamy, excellently controlled. Histrionically, we sometimes seemed to see a starlet temperamentally out of her depth; and vocally we missed the dangerous chest-snarl, the snap and flash of a Supervia. All the same, Miss Rankin looks very pretty and sings beautifully. So does Frances Yeend, a Micaëla with a twinkle for the soldiers of Act I, a more robust and interesting girl than the pallid *ingénue* we usually see. Rothmüller is trim and dashing as Escamillo and sings splendidly. Johnston's José has ringing high notes but a thin nasal quality in *mezza-voce*; his impersonation, too, was uneven—at its best in the last act. It is the general impression which remains: of a rich and animated stage spectacle, so planned that it feasts and delights the eye but never distracts it when we should be concentrating on principals; of lively acting and neat singing from the chorus; of Pritchard's finely wrought and elegant direction; of first-rate orchestral playing. The smaller parts—Remendado excepted—are excellently done.

I must add a note on the Covent Garden *Salome* (last performance next Thursday). Welitsch's voice is much smaller than before, but still true and steady; her assumption of the heroine is so perfectly finished, so convincingly in accord with Strauss's intentions, that the listener is enthralled. Rudolf Kempe conducts, and gets a most expressive and delicately balanced account of the score. Rothmüller's Jochanaan is moving. The rest of it, apart from a pleasing set, is none too good.

ANDREW PORTER

COLOURED DANCERS

WE English are on the whole such a nervous, serious race that the Negro's gaiety and his ability to relax seem more wonderful by contrast. Certainly Negro dancers appear to move rhythmically without effort, as though they could not help themselves; whereas the majority of white dancers merely move in time—and not always that. The unforced vitality and grace of the coloured company now dancing in *Braziliana* at the Stoll is exhilarating. Besides this the decor by Dirceu Nery has beauty. Both in his abstract and more representational scenes there is an elegance and a boldness of design that give harmony to the movement of the figures: without obtruding, each set is an important contribution to the ballet. The choreography is capable and in most cases taken from traditional forms of entertainment or religious ceremonies, with traditional or part-traditional music excellently arranged. There is the formal Coffee Plantation dance and the spontaneously arranged Como Nasce o Samba, in which for the fat, the thin, the sad and the gay dancing comes as a natural expression; there are the ritual dances of sacrifice and finally the festive Carnaval de Rio de Janeiro, which is a hectic, joyful mess, such as the real thing is in all probability. Among the men there are some good artists, while the whole company moves with a soft-footed ease, and expresses a charm and a gay detachment, giving the impression that it would dance for pleasure, whether there was an audience or no. The solid centre is a fine, luscious singer called Nelson Ferraz, who holds the stage with the assurance of a mountain. But the best turn comes from sad-faced Mateus on the drum. I have never heard such a solo. Like a glorious holocaust it roused to the highest pitch of rhythmic excitement and, smashing every small sensation, seemed to bring the senses to the verge of an explosion. This company, barely four years old, has such character that if its choreographic style can be more fully developed it may in time produce great dancers and ballets.

The second coloured company dancing *Tropical Rhythms* at the Embassy is less homogeneous. It shows strong influences from the white world, both in its ideas and technique. The star, Kathleen Stanford, is fascinating to look at, with a Katharine Hepburn face topped by tight red curls that give an eerie effect to the hot brown skin. She knows her stuff as a musical comedy dancer and also as a sexy young lady in the American motion picture convention. Claude Marchant, her partner and the choreographer, is not so professional. His crooning is so soppily soupy that it might almost be a skit, while he dances the toughest characters with something of a dainty sentiment. It is perhaps the infiltration of the ballet technique that has started the rot; for every badly executed classical step jars the harmonious flow of the Negro dance technique.

November

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Again, in the costumes there is an uncertain mixture of ideas. The brassières and pants of the girls are Western in conception and would spoil the magic of any witch doctor. There is much spirit in this small company, but it needs a more coherent direction. ANNABEL FARJEON

RADIO NOTES

First Reading is under new management: before tempers are lost once again and a whole lot of brand-new, dirty words are unleashed, it might be worth while to look at the assumptions on which the programme is based. The main assumption is that you can produce on the air the equivalent of something that normally exists only on the printed page, the literary magazine. The assumption is wrong. *First Reading*, so far as radio is concerned, is a grossly reactionary programme: radio demands a way of writing which is not identical with that for the printed page. *First Reading* restores the printed page and by doing so immediately subjects it, in an alien context, to a test which it cannot reasonably be expected to meet. There was a simple instance of this in Mr. Ludovic Kennedy's first number, an account of a visit to the frontier of the French and Russian zones at Lubeck. This, it seemed plain to me, was a piece of writing that would have read pleasantly in a periodical, but, broadcast, it had to satisfy in a quite different way. It had to satisfy as a talk, and this it did not do: the tempo and the rhythm of writing were wrong for the spoken voice.

Programmes like *First Reading* are bearable, and perhaps even useful, if writers and listeners remember that they cannot be equivalents of literary magazines but at the best inadequate substitutes, inadequate not only because the work broadcast is put to an unfair test but also because the relationship of editor to audience is altered. Inevitably the editor becomes an impresario, a much less pleasant being. The editor of a periodical does not feel it necessary to justify his choice of contributions and surround them in a running commentary advertising their virtues. This, it seems, is inescapable in radio magazines. A literary magazine that contained the kind of editorial linking-matter Mr. Kennedy regaled us with, one would quite simply fling across the room after the first half-dozen pages. "Here the poet expresses a longing, as all writers do at sometime or another, that he could be as other men." In fairness to Mr. Kennedy it must be said that his comments were no more infuriating than Mr. Wain's, when he was conducting the programme; they merely infuriated in a different way.

As for the contents, there were poems by Mr. Tiller, Mr. Merwin and Mr. James Kirkup that one could scarcely assess at a first hearing; a parody of Maugham read in such a way as completely to nullify the dead-pan effect that parody aims at; and an excerpt of Mr. Waugh's forthcoming novel that had the interest of a trailer-film at the cinema. It was no doubt Mr. Kennedy's intention that he gave the impression of being in ardent pursuit of the innocuous.

But all this is really beside the point. Except as an inadequate substitute, *New Reading* is bound to fail; and why can be shown very easily. It happens that the best writers for radio are also admirable writers in more conventional forms: Mr. Pritchett, Mr. Grigson, Mr. MacNeice, Mr. Sykes, Mr. Henry Reed, to take the obvious names. They are excellent radio-writers because they understand the medium and do not confuse it with the literary forms in which they made their first reputations.

Mr. Ewens's feature, *The Black Dog*, a study of eighteenth-century melancholy, seemed to me half good. As an anthology of eighteenth-century melancholy it was extraordinarily interesting. But it lacked a point of view, as the narration, with its rather offensive tendency towards facetiousness, showed. The age of Angst has no call to patronise the Great Mad Century, and what was surely wanted was some explana-

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tion of eighteenth-century melancholy in modern psychological terms. There was one very moving performance, Mr. Alan Wheatley as Cowper.

I especially enjoyed three talks during the week: Mr. Michael Ayrton's account of his first glimpse of "La Madonna del Parto," by Piero della Francesca, a talk which vibrated with the heat and glare of the Italian summer sun at high-noon; Dr. Fraser Darling's *Man, Caribou and Lichen*, on the balance of wild life in Alaska and its effect on human existence there; and Mr. Robert Furneaux Jordan's *Rome and Oxford*, a fascinating analysis of the contrasted figures of Manning and Newman in terms of the cities with which they were most intimately linked.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Sun Shines Bright," at the Academy
"Mogambo," at the Empire
"Intolerance," at the Everyman

This is John Ford's week. He is said to have made *The Sun Shines Bright* for his own pleasure; and lucky the individual in films who can do that! *Mogambo*, presumably, he made for someone who said, "Now John, we want a jungle picture—passionate, primitive—get the gorilla in his native haunts, and give us some night-club talk under the stars—go to it!" And so—being a man of many moods and aptitudes—he made *Mogambo*, of which more in a moment.

His own film is a joy. I don't at all know how or why the Academy acquired it, since it would appeal to ninety-nine out of a hundred in any audience, but they are to be congratulated on this find. Long may it run! *The Sun Shines Bright* I found even more endearing than *The Quiet Man*; and it, too, though wrapt in Kentucky after its Civil War, is in his Irish mood. There is quite a kinship between this Ford and the O'Casey of, say, *The Plough and the Stars*. The latter's doors burst open to emit a gasconading old sweat in green and gold coat: Ford's Judge Priest popping out of bed, summons his darkie with bugle notes that crow through the old town forty years after the last battle had been fought. Hot through the streets comes this lackadaisical black to pull from under the bed that whisky-keg without which the Judge can't "get his heart going." His heart, which needs its regular measure, needs even more the guitar plucking out "Dixie" to the interruption of the court, visits to the old General behind his colonnaded front, veterans' anniversaries in the almost empty hall, uniforms, banners, salutes—all the extravagant revivalism of forgotten, lost wars. Farcical as Judge Priest is—and the comedy seems to me quite as good as O'Casey's—his heart comes more and more to engage us. He is on the eve of elections; he braves defeat by involving himself in scandal, fending off lynchers on the jail steps; and turns his defeat into victory by following a golden-hearted brothel-keeper to her grave and inducing—in a splendid swell of cinema—half the town to do likewise. *The Sun Shines Bright* naturally takes in its stride melodrama as well as farce, sing-song and sentiment, and glee. Ford hasn't, in the end, quite O'Casey's feeling; his piece isn't tragi-comedy but—what should one call it?—melo-farce. The film triumphs, there's a hint of terror, landscape and period please, a dance and a procession ravish the eye, and if sentiment-cum-capers decrees an end that can't bring itself to end, like a nineteenth-century overture, we acquiesce and are grateful. Charles Winninger as the golden-hearted, bourbon-loving Judge plays his antics to the trail of tears irresistibly.

And so from Ford at ease to Ford on the commercial run. *Mogambo* isn't recognisably his at all. It's merits are the close-ups of gorillas, Technicolor glimpses of Africa, and Mr. Clark Gable exerting all a middle-aged charm; otherwise every sort of studio cliché has been enlisted which could make an expedition to the Cameroons successful and superfluous.

I wish I could have gone to the Everyman, where Griffiths's *Intolerance* once more shakes the silence with its Babylonian splendours and four-abreast dramas; I've had to revive them in my own dark, with 'flu.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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BATCHWORTH

"King John," at the Old Vic

As a play *King John* is comparatively unrewarding; but it does offer some scattered beauties of language, two or three good scenes and three fine acting parts. These last are luckily excellently taken at the Old Vic, and in themselves will repay a visit. Mr. Michael Hordern again proves himself not only an absolutely safe actor but a very versatile one. His King is an admirably observed study, a façade of strength rotted with a kind of neurotic weakness which at the test crumbles into collapse. It is an easy part to overplay; but Mr. Hordern is not the kind of actor to fall into that trap. Miss Fay Compton gives a passionate account of Constance, making the clamour of her grief almost unbearable. A very moving performance. The Bastard, forerunner of a favourite Shakespeare character, the blunt second, suits Mr. Richard Burton to the ground. The beautifully timed asides and the rough puncturing commentaries are admirably delivered. The flatness of many of the earlier scenes would provoke many producers into ingenious excesses to cheer them up. Mr. George Devine resists the temptation and risks a measure of boredom to give us the scenes straight. Some of the surrounding detail is less successful. It is bold to play the fights so naively that we don't take them seriously, but this, combined with some of Motley's bizarre costumes and engines, prepares the ground for one or two false laughs. The company gives excellent support, especially Mr. William Squire as the French King and Mr. John Neville curling his lip eloquently as the Dauphin.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

SOCIETY AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

SIR,—I suggest that, instead of the one alteration of the law in this field which you suggest, it would be preferable that a Royal Commission or Home Office Committee should be appointed of men and women whose character would render their recommendations likely to be accepted by Parliament, and who could consider on broader lines than you suggest the whole question whether our present laws on this subject are those most conducive to the public good. Church of England bodies have for some time been asking for the appointment of such a Committee.

One aspect of this matter which troubles some of us is the extent of the danger of an innocent man being convicted of soliciting male persons. In his short resignation statement Mr. Field, the late Member for Paddington North, expressed the view that this offence ought to be triable by jury. Those who read only *The Times* will have missed this, because *The Times* omitted this part of this short resignation statement. It is, however, a question of importance. The English view that, where a conviction may affect a man's whole life, he ought to have a right to trial by jury, is sound.

I have been told by counsel of great experience in criminal cases that they would not, in any circumstances whatever, enter a public lavatory in central London, so great do they feel is the risk of a wholly innocent man being convicted. Since then, the decision of a Divisional Court that police evidence of conduct consisting only of smiling, once only, at a man, repeated in respect of several men and looking "in the direction of" their persons, is not only sufficient to sustain a conviction of "*persistently importuning*" the men in question for immoral purposes, but is so clear a case as to make it "lamentable" that the man should appeal, has not lessened the risk.

It is to be hoped that if such a Commission or Committee is appointed, the question whether such an offence should not be triable by jury will be within their terms of reference.

GERALD GARDINER

6 Walton Place, S.W.3.

SIR,—May I publicly place myself among the number of those who would like to see the cruel laws against homosexuality altered? The law exists in order to protect society, and it is for the law to protect the young of both sexes against older homosexual persons of both sexes. But to persecute homosexuals as such is barbarous and vindictive. Can it be forgotten how many, both men and women, have, far from being enemies of society, been among its most valuable members, even in the moral sphere? Can anyone at the present time still believe that a natural abnormality should be punished (lunatics used to be flogged), or can be removed by punishment? Is it not a hard enough fate that any human being's love—the growing-point of life—should run counter to nature? Does the law exist to punish the already punished? In spite of this tragic handicap, many men and women have risen to greatness, even to saintliness; but it is not for the law to demand heroic virtues from any minority. Perhaps I ought to add—not in any spirit of boastfulness, but simply to make my own standpoint clear—that, to me, homosexual love is, in the most literal sense, unimaginable.

9 Paultons Square, S.W.3. KATHLEEN RAINE

SIR,—I am loath to criticise the liberal and enlightened articles of yourself and E. M. Forster on the subject of homosexuality, but I feel that there is an assumption behind both of them that is not conducive to legal reform.

Both articles imply that homosexual behaviour is itself an abnormality or at least a proof that sexual maturity has not been attained, and that there is something naturally repellent or decadent in its manifestation; in other words, an unpleasant sickness, social and individual. If this is a true assumption, I would suggest that it can be dealt with only by severe legal penalties or equally compulsory psychiatric treatment.

However, Ford and Beach in their work *Patterns of*

Sexual Behaviour, a biological and sociological analysis, state definitely that "human homosexuality is not basically a product of hormonal imbalance or perverted heredity. It is the product of the fundamental mammalian heritage of general sexual responsiveness as modified under the impact of experience." They state also that the "normal" human being has an equal sex interest in his own and the opposite sex, and that the person interested in the opposite sex only (the type demanded by our culture) is as much abnormal as is the complete homosexual.

If this verdict is correct, our attitude should be that life is wide enough to permit all deviant sex modes to have expression, provided the young are protected. In any case I do not think we can deal with homosexuality until we have decided its real nature. While thoroughly sympathising with the aims of your article, I do not feel that it frees itself from the orthodox approach to homosexuality sufficiently, any more than does Mr. Forster's, and therefore will not disturb the arguments of the supporters of the *status quo*.

A. G. GAMBLE

23 Lyndhurst Drive, Hornchurch.

SIR,—Your feature on "Society and the Homosexual," although it contains many excellent points, requires, I think, one or two corrections.

Mr. Kingsley Martin says, "I think that Mr. E. M. Forster's article states the truth: it is a social evil." This is exactly what Mr. Forster's article does *not* say. That it is a social *problem*, agreed; that is, the present legal situation of the homosexual renders it essential for him to break the law; it encourages the secret society feeling in face of frequently hysterical persecution. But this is incidental to the main issue: can one say that homosexuality is essentially an evil, i.e., a permanent danger to the well-being of society? Mr. Forster has rightly refused to make such a generalised correlation between sexuality and society; Mr. Martin makes it without evidence. The only specific proof which he can bring forward is that an unwillingness to "take on the responsibilities of family life" is indicative of some form of decadence. To assume that family responsibilities are the criterion of sane society is surely unjustified, and is especially surprising in a periodical like THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION which has for so long preached the virtues of birth control. This definition, too, would condemn not only all forms of chastity, either voluntary or monastic, but also all irregular unions and cohabitations in which conception is avoided; and these are rarely considered as manifestations of a diseased society.

In many other societies, homosexuality has been incident to a greater extent than in our own: Mr. Martin rightly quotes ancient Greece; he might have added the Renaissance and the ancient Celts (cf. Gide, *Corydon*, 3e. dialogue). I do not think these civilisations deserve to be condemned as "decadent."

Another small point: Mr. Martin refers to "an increase of homosexuality." Is there any evidence that it is, in fact, on the increase?

MATHESON CAIN

King's College, Aberdeen.

SIR,—In a recent case the defendant was advised to go and see his doctor. Some years ago I was faced with a similar situation, and I discovered that I was quite unable to find anyone who would undertake to treat me for the affliction of homosexuality. The psychiatrist in whose care I had been placed said that "he would not attempt it." Thus I was thrown back again upon my own resources. I do not complain; for it is well known that psychoanalysis has been especially unsuccessful in dealing with homosexuals.

Some may be tempted to ask why the homosexual, when he becomes aware of his terrible affliction, does not forever renounce all hopes of satisfaction. The answer is clear: to live in this world without affection is insupportable. If we suppress our emotional life we wither, and I for one long ago decided to be bold and to take the risk. It is surely hypocrisy to applaud the gifts which the homosexual gives to society, while execrating the fertiliser which has enabled those gifts to flower. I do not like promiscuity; I do not like soliciting; but perhaps those who condemn these actions have not imagined the desolation which has preceded them.

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I have seen something of the sexual freedom in Denmark, and from this experiment many things may be learnt. If the laws dealing with homosexuals in Britain were to become humane, one of the results would be a flood of quite normal boys on to the streets asking for four pounds. This should be rigorously suppressed. I regard it now as a point of honour never to go with anyone I know to be normal. Nor do homosexuals defend those who exploit the young; they would welcome an age limit of 21. But it is intolerable that sexual relations between consenting adult males should continue to be treated as criminal. As it is, the law is everywhere flouted, and it is only the occasional unfortunate who is thrown to the wolves.

And is homosexuality really a sign of moral decadence? It has always existed, for it is a part of human (and animal) nature. The normal man should reflect that even normal sexual relations are disagreeable when given explicit verbal expression. As a homosexual, I regard normal sexual relations with repugnance—but I do not seek to prohibit them!

(Name and address supplied) SCIENTIST

SIR,—The official report published jointly by the British Medical Association and the Magistrates Association made it quite clear that experience proved that to give homosexuals prison sentences without proper treatment was to seriously worsen their already dangerous condition. If this mental state is "catching," as the Home Secretary's much publicised campaign suggests, then most grave responsibility rests upon enforcers of the law and the Prison Commissioners alike for the dangers to the youth of the nation which they have propagated in their prisons, Borstals and Approved Schools.

Parents, the medical profession, and all concerned should voice a strong reminder to the Home Secretary and their M.P. of the dangers he proposes to let loose in defying the opinions of all the psychiatrists. They should demand that prison sentences, in every case, should be accompanied by genuine efforts to cure by every therapy known to science. If, as it is sometimes suggested, there is no cure, then society should face the problem realistically. CHRISTOPHER MOORE

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BRITISH GUIANA

SIR,—The Colonial Office statement which you discussed in your Supplement of October 17, reminded me of the Gold Coast disturbances of five years ago. Some of the charges made by the present Government are almost the same as those made by the last Socialist Government. Mr. Rees-Williams, as he then was, in an oral answer to Earl Winterton, said "there was almost certainly Communist incitement in this case." After a heavy press censorship in the Gold Coast and the enforced reading of nothing but Government hand-outs, the Gold Coast Government came out with a free publication entitled "Here is the Truth." In this and on the Government Broadcasting Service came this question, "Would you like to be ruled from Moscow?" To this came a unanimous answer that we did not want to be ruled from either London, Washington or Moscow. Before the disturbances had been linked to Communism, and before the banning of Mr. George Padmore's *How Russia Transformed Her Colonial Empire*, very, very few of the people of the Gold Coast knew of the existence of Communism.

So much for the Gold Coast. In your next issue you wrote: "Socialists most surely support the struggle of Colonial peoples to liberate themselves from capitalists, as well as imperialist, exploitation." Well said, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION! But it appears that to the British Socialist Socialism is good only for the British people, while for the Colonial peoples capitalist and imperialist must be helped at all cost to exploit them more.

Labour's Colonial record is not impressive at all. It is all very well passing impressive resolutions on Colonial affairs at party conferences. The Labour Party had the opportunity of carrying out some of the resolutions that had been passed. I am not saying that at one blow they should undo what successive British Governments had taken years to do. But at least they could have made a start by abolishing official and unofficial colour-bar in the Colonies.

The P.P.P. are accused of sponsoring a local branch of the Peace Committee and a Committee supporting the Communist terrorists in Malaya. But do not the British people tolerate Peace Committees and even the Communist Party itself?

Dublin. K. D. GWIRA

MALAYAN INDEPENDENCE

SIR,—Mr. Eber's letter in your last issue shows him to be in a truly deplorable muddle about the mechanism of world trade. He says, "The gold dollars (*sic*) which Malaya earns are used by Britain to buy what Britain needs, not what Malaya needs. Malaya is in the Sterling Area because that is to Britain's advantage."

Malaya is in the Sterling Area for historical reasons. Although it is true that all the Sterling Area countries have an informal agreement to pool their gold and dollar earnings, a large proportion of these earnings would come to London in any case because many of their products are either sold in London or invoiced in sterling. As long as we can provide the goods which these countries need, there is no disadvantage to them in this arrangement, which grew naturally and was known before the war as "triangular trade."

I would not, of course, wish to minimise the seriousness of the present position where, owing to the inconvertibility of the £ and the inability of British industry to supply all the goods required, territories like Malaya are in fact making a loan to the rest of the Sterling Area. Because it is not only Great Britain which uses dollars from the dollar pool, but also India, Australia, and any other Sterling Area country which is ever in deficit on its dollar account. The Sterling Area pool is not only a pool for dollars but for other currencies, and Malaya draws from it other currencies which she needs. The cure for any difficulties is not to break up the Sterling Area but to repay the loan. This can only be done by the export of British goods to Malaya. The financial policy of this country, therefore, must be one which makes this possible and also allows sterling to become convertible.

I do not see why Mr. Eber assumes that an independent Malaya would mean the loss of investments in rubber and tin. We have no reason to suppose that the inhabitants of Malaya are as dumb as the Persians. Indeed, in view of their commercial activities, we have every reason to consider that they have a firmer grasp of economic realities than the people of this country. It is probable that an independent Malaya would remain within the Sterling Area because she would still need capital which she can only find in London. If any lunatic proposals to control movement of capital within the Sterling Area are carried out, then indeed the position might be different. DIANA SPEARMAN

7 Lord North Street, S.W.1.

AFRICAN SCHOLARSHIPS

SIR,—The future of the High Commission territories is being raised again and, if pressed by the Union Government to the point of decision, will be subject to "consultation" with the inhabitants. It is regrettable that after periods of British rule stretching well back into the last century, there are still very few of the inhabitants able to present a reasoned definition of their wishes and their problems in a form that would meet with general understanding. Nor are there many who are trained to assist, except at a subordinate level, in the development of their countries. Very few have been given higher education or have been outside South Africa except as soldiers and workers in their excellent response to the call from their King in the last war. The Union Government intends to close its own schools and institutions of higher education to "foreign" Africans. The possibility of a university college for Central Africa is now being considered, but if it were to be established it could not be fully working for some years.

We do not, of course, regard a university degree and residence abroad as the only qualifications for leadership and effective service. But we believe that, in the isolation and backwardness of these territories, there is urgent need for some of these men and women to bring such experience to the help of their peoples. The "Africa Protectorates Trust" has therefore been established to provide scholarships to enable students from these territories to obtain a university education in Britain or elsewhere. Its funds so far are sufficient to finance one student. We appeal for further subscriptions to enable us to open this opportunity to two or three more students in the belief that this would be one of the most effective ways in which we, in this country, could fulfil the obligations which history has laid upon us in regard to these three countries. The Trust is also open to students from South-West Africa, another and neighbouring territory in which the Africans suffer from isolation and poverty and an uncertain status.

C. M. BOWRA, RAYMOND PRIESTLEY, J. A. VENN,
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FINAL SOLUTION

SIR,—In his article, "Ethics of Extermination" in your issue of October 31, Mr. R. H. S. Crossman has paid me the great compliment of discussing and quoting my book *The Final Solution*. I am reluctant to criticise any part of an essay that shows so much appreciation of the historical problems involved, but I would beg you to allow me to correct one sentence.

Mr. Reitlinger describes in detail how the selection of the victims and *the actual extermination* was skilfully devolved on Jewish "Sonderkommandos," dressed in German policemen's uniform, who thereby gained a few weeks of life (my italics).

I think this is a reference to page 64, where I have repeated some of the charges that were made against the uniformed Jewish *Ordnungsdienst* in the Russian and Polish ghettoes. So far as I know, the narratives of responsible survivors have never suggested that the *Ordnungsdienst* took part in the actual massacres of fellow-Jews, but only that they handed them over to the Germans. The moral difference is not very great, but I think it should be recorded that Heydrich's officials were not able to clear this final jump.

Woodgate House, GERALD REITLINGER
Beckley, Rye, Sussex.

SIR,—May I register my disagreement, not to say disapproval, with the last statement of Mr. R. H. S. Crossman's otherwise excellent review of *The Final Solution*.

He compares the dropping of the first atomic bomb at Nagasaki with the Nazi attempt to exterminate the Jews, two things only really comparable in that both resulted in a great many deaths. And he then tries to find an excuse for the Allies, suggesting that at least we did it indiscriminately, from a greater distance, or to defend democracy, whereas Hitler and Himler behaved as they did out of sheer lust for destruction.

Surely it has been realised that it was rather idealism, even if insane and ruthless idealism, that prompted the Nazis to try to exterminate the Jewish race, and cannot Mr. Crossman yet see that the splitting of the atom only enabled us to make a very large and powerful edition of something that had been dropped by the thousand every night through the war, and that the Allies believed that the dropping of such a bomb would end a war which might drag on for months causing more casualties every week than one bomb could cause?

Christ Church, Oxford. COLIN CLARK

[Mr. Crossman writes: "I am grateful to Mr. Reitlinger for his corrections and would like to add another which he has brought privately to my notice. In writing of Euthanasia, I confused the Reich Chancellery with the Fuehrer's Chancellery and therefore attributed to Hans Lammers a decision for which Philip Bouhler was responsible.

"As for Mr. Clark's analysis of Nazi mentality, I would accept it as an improvement on my own. In exterminating the Jews, Hitler and Himmler acted not out of mere lust for destruction but in accordance with a principle, even if that principle was utterly inhuman. Allied strategic bombing, on the other hand, was in flagrant opposition to the principle enunciated by the Western democracies when they denounced the bombing of Guernica and of Rotterdam as crimes against humanity. I agree with Mr. Clark that atom bombing is merely "a very large and powerful edition" of these original Fascist crimes. I agree too that one of the motives for adopting these methods of waging war was to save lives. But I cannot accept quite as easily as Mr. Clark does, that shortening the war is a full moral justification for exterminating Nagasaki and thereby retrospectively justifying the bombing of Guernica and Rotterdam."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE CHURCH AND MATRIMONY

SIR,—Whilst it is true, as Canon Scrutton states, that the Church of England expects marriage to be permanent (it shocks me that the Canon should raise the question of its permanence at his marriage services of all occasions!), it is also true, as Archbishop Frederick Temple and other eminent authorities have pointed out, that the Church does not pronounce marriage indissoluble. Indeed, the Church has always made provision for the marriage of divorced persons, and continues to do so today—I am constantly informing *bona fide* inquirers how to avail themselves of it.

The bishops' plan to compel divorced people, seeking remarriage in church, to have their decree of divorcement "processed" into a decree of nullity at Diocesan Matrimonial Courts which they propose establishing by law, and over which they themselves would preside. A divorced person, having obtained a decree of ecclesiastical nuility, would be permitted (I quote from the proposed enactment itself) "to marry, or to be married to, another person according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England." It will be noted that the bishops' proposal would impose on the Church of England the practice of the Church of Rome.

The proposed enactment, from which I have quoted, affords the clue to the extraordinary situation, regarding the marriage of divorced persons, in the Church today. To create a situation favourable to the establishment of the proposed Matrimonial Courts, the bishops have "requested" the parochial clergy to forgo their legal right and responsibility regarding the marriage of divorced persons. It would seem that when the public outcry against the wrong and injustice done to worthy divorced persons becomes sufficiently loud, the bishops will present their remedy to Parliament and the nation—the Matrimonial Courts! I make no comment on the camouflaging of this policy and its objective as an effort to preserve the sanctity of marriage and its vows.

Some clergy, myself included, have refused to accede to a "request" (accompanied, to my knowledge, with some episcopal bullying) unconstitutional in nature, involving the abnegation of a legally imposed responsibility, and the infliction of downright injustice on worthy and devout churchpeople.

Kirton Rectory, Ipswich. W. J. S. WEIR

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

SIR,—"Critic" says, in your issue of October 31, that Lord Cowdray "bought the admirable little evening *Westminster Gazette* and killed it by turning it into a morning daily."

Cowdray was part proprietor of the evening *Westminster Gazette* for a number of years, during which its losses were substantial. Those losses greatly increased at the end of the first war, and as J. A. Spender put it (*Life, Journalism and Politics*, volume II, page 139) "by that time it was evident that a paper of the type of the *Westminster* . . . could not be profitable in the London area to which the evening newspaper is confined. The choice then was to stop it, to change it into a different type, or to go out into the larger field which is open to the morning paper. Lord Cowdray, who by this time had become chief proprietor, very courageously chose the third alternative."

The venture was unsuccessful, but I suggest that your bald reference to buying and killing is an inadequate and misleading account of the facts.

R. P. T. GIBSON

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COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—The correspondence in your columns on prefects in Comprehensive schools proves one thing—that your correspondents have very little idea of the full meaning of Comprehensive secondary education.

It is to be hoped that the prefectorial system copied slavishly by the Grammar schools from the Public schools will be discarded in a democratic school system and that it will be replaced by a measure of student control and self-government in secondary schools that will be steadily increased as the comprehensive system develops. The advantages of all students having definite democratic responsibilities, and some having rather more but being responsible to their peers and not to their "masters," over a system whereby a small number of students are selected arbitrarily to share in an arbitrary authoritarian school regime, are sufficiently obvious to make any discussion of the future of the prefectorial system in the Comprehensive school seem academic and irrelevant.

24 Lawrence Avenue, New Malden, Surrey. PAUL PRINGLE

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

SIR,—Your correspondent is in error in attributing the change in the end of the film version of Graham Greene's novel to "the Church." In so far as the Catholic Film Institute, the national Catholic Film Centre for this country, represents the Church, the boot may be said to be on the other foot. In discussions with the producer and director during its passage through the studio, the present writer expressed regret that the film had, for various commercial reasons, to be subjected to a change in denouement. One was assured that such a change was necessary if the film were to satisfy censorship demands. At no point can it be demonstrated that any ecclesiastical pressure was brought to bear upon the shaping of this film.

Catholic Film Institute. J. A. V. BURKE

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Books in General

On March 19, 1926, Virginia Woolf asked herself:

> But what is to become of all these diaries. . . . If I died, what would Leo make of them? He would be disinclined to burn them; he could not publish them. Well, he should make up a book from them, I think; and then burn the body. I daresay there is a little book in them; if the scraps and scratchings were straightened out a little. . . .

The "body," we may be sure, has not been burnt; and out of the scraps and scratchings, Leonard Woolf has pieced together 365 pages, which will go on being read as long as the literature of our age survives.* It cannot have been an easy task, the choice of suitable extracts for publication. I daresay most of the "body" was scandalous, and trivial, and when not trivial, secret, as any decent diary must be. So the published part has to deal chiefly with stages in the composition of Virginia Woolf's own novels, with her views on the literature of the past and present, with her weathercock moods of despair and success with words. We are witnesses to the journey of her mind, not her heart or her body. Here she can be seen trying out ideas which may or may not help with a paragraph or two of the current novel. She uses the diary form to oil the works, to ease her way into professional writing, to bring a little more fluency into the novel she is engaged on. Any scrap, any observation, may come in useful. This book is like a racecourse in the weeks before the race: in solitude she trains her horse to take the difficult jumps, in preparation for the day when she rides in public. Like Gide's *Journal* it is the best possible commentary on a distinguished life's work, covering as it does her literary production from *Night and Day* to *Between the Acts*—everything, in fact, published during her lifetime or posthumously, except her first novel, *The Voyage Out*.

Only her intimate friends can have realised that Virginia Woolf's life was one hard battle to get the right words into the right order. Any serious novelist will claim the same experience for himself. But conscientiousness pushed to such extremes as this diary reveals must be rare. After she had rewritten what she had rewritten she would still be unsatisfied, and would pray for the physical strength, insight and stretches of uninterrupted work to start the book afresh. She tells us how she must settle down to "correct the re-re-typing" of *The Waves*, and wonders "if anyone has suffered so much from a book as I have from *The Years*." The name of Flaubert must rise in the mind of all who read through these heartbreaking pages confessing failure; and when Mrs. Woolf herself takes up Flaubert's letters, she is at once struck by a parallel to her own predicament, and consoled by it: "Few people can be so tortured by writing as I am. Only Flaubert I think." But just as in everyday life those who know the depths know the heights, so in the act of creative writing a week of despair may be followed by the ecstasy of a sound paragraph. Suddenly she will pin her vision to the page, like Lily Briscoe to her canvas at the end of *To the Lighthouse*, and the misery of all those sloppy words will fade as the correct, crisp sentence at last comes to her.

One might have supposed that she would have slipped most easily into straightforward writing as other people normally do, that she could have tossed off an article for *The Times* in a jiffy, but that out of conscientiousness she was determined to go beyond this, that her most painful struggles were to reach a world of fantasy. But this is not the case. The biography of a great friend, an art critic, whose Bloomsbury background she shared, about whom all relevant facts were at her elbow, nagged at her for years, whereas to write a book about a Victorian spaniel, or about an Elizabethan youth who turns into a woman and survives, unscathed, into the twentieth century—this she regarded as a comparatively effortless relaxation. She takes a "frisk," as she calls it, at the intricate themes of *The Waves* and *Between the Acts*, but her head is "screwed up over *Roger*" [Fry]. "I'll find room," she writes, when at last the idea for *Jacob's Room* flashes through her mind (an idea so eccentric, so new to the novel that anyone but her who had thought it up in bed would have dismissed it as too fantastic by breakfast-time): "I'll find room for so much—a gaiety—an inconsequence—a light-spirited stepping at my sweet will."

Not only did she step most fluently at her sweet will (this goes for *The Common Reader* as well as for her novels), she wrote best when she could part company altogether with ordinary life, and could give her imagination its head. Her most beautiful book, *The Waves*, is the one furthest removed from reality in the sense that it contains no "characters" at all; her most obvious failure, *Three Guineas*, clings most closely to it. The two semi-naturalistic novels, *Night and Day* and *The Years*, which she must have written not so much out of love as out of a sense of duty, out of conviction that the novelist must every so often replenish his stock by delving into real life—these two are the least successful of her long novels. In her diary she confesses that *The Years* caused her more pain than any other book: "wasn't it my conscientious grind over *The Years* that killed it?" she asks; and one is tempted to provide the answer: "It was."

For the fact remains, "reality" or "real life" was too chaotic for her taste. She could not control people's behaviour; their erratic motives for doing things eluded her. So she had to invent a world of stylised human beings, whom she could keep under her thumb and manipulate at will. For the events of everyday life, she substituted in her best work an abstract world made magical by words arranged in the right order, in which human beings are divested of their untidy peculiarities and reduced to the manageable status of still-life; whilst inanimate objects—rooms, armchairs, lighthouses—exist on equal terms with the human beings who inhabit them, loll in them, set sail for them. With the scaffolding of psychological realism removed, the novel is tenuously held together by the device of time signals: by which I mean the periodical striking of clocks, or waves breaking at regular intervals on the shore.

This conception of the nature of the novel led her to regard life, not as a springboard for art, but as a barrier dividing her from art, that had somehow to be broken through. In the early months of the second war she records in her diary a conversation between businessmen in a railway carriage. Needless to say, the conversation (we are in October, 1939) turns on that dull real subject called "politics," and she comments: "Not a chink through which we can see art or books." I shall try to show that her insistence that life got into the way of art instead of helping it along, coloured, and sometimes poisoned, her judgment of contemporary literature, and indirectly her opinion of friends and acquaintances.

In her diary (and elsewhere) she makes fun of writers like Arnold Bennett who take life as their starting-point. This implies a general criticism of realism and naturalism in literature. She does not stop to consider that Bennett represents the tail-end of a once vigorous literary movement, which in its heyday produced novels as strange, as new in their way, as the idea which first saw the light in *Jacob's Room*. And as for an early passage in the diary about *Ulysses*—a book which has exerted and will continue to exert a more powerful influence on subsequent literature than any of her own works—this is hard to defend, unless one argues (and Mrs. Woolf's later enthusiasm for Joyce lends support to this view) that she scented genius here, but of an order so different from her own that the first impact of it caused her nothing but distress, and drove her to an outburst of understandable professional jealousy:

> An illiterate, underbred book it seems to me; the book of a self-taught working man, and we all know how distressing they are, how egotistic, insistent, raw, striking, and ultimately nauseating. When one can have the cooked flesh, why have the raw?

This is Bloomsbury snootiness at its most distasteful.

Just as in her attitude to literature, so in her relationships with human beings—not perhaps with those closest to her but with stray visitors to Rodmell and Tavistock Square—she had to impose fantasy on the drab facts. The facts alone, though she was intrigued by them, ended by boring or disgusting her. So if people aroused her interest she turned them into the heroes and heroines of her novels, into Bernards, Susans, Jinnys, into characterless, glamorous statues. She decided early on (and here I must be allowed to draw on my own memory of her as well as on the diary) what kind of people she wished her friends to be, and so they were made to remain. Those who liked to appear more glamorous than they were were flattered; those who held truth of more account, were saddened; in either case it was hard to jog her out of her preconceptions. Once she remarked about an undergraduate: "Oh! to be 19 in Italy in April!" having made up her mind beforehand that young men were happy in Rome in the spring. But the fact that her impressions of people were not necessarily accurate did not make her opinion of them any the less fascinating: Mrs. Dalloway and Mrs. Ramsay are no less memorable for being marble statues.

Human beings do not play a preponderant

* *A Writer's Diary*. Edited by Leonard Woolf. *Hogarth Press*. 18s.

role in the diary. They generally appear as tiresome interruptions to a steady flow of work, or as potential hostile reviewers of the next novel. No doubt many passages describing her friends in detail have had to be omitted to spare their feelings, since Virginia Woolf was not above malice. There is at least one cruel portrait of a persistent hostess who: "went on talking, talking, in consecutive sentences like the shavings that come from planes, artificial, but unbroken." However, if the reader hopes for juicy scandal about Bloomsbury parties, or about the private lives of all the distinguished men and women who figure in the glossary printed at the beginning of this book, he will be disappointed. For the great value of the diary does not reside in revelations about a literary clique. It resides in descriptions of autumn days on the Sussex Downs, or being alone in a room of one's own; in phrases which rise from every page like acts of valour on a battlefield; above all, in the portrait of a woman of genius, ceaselessly self-critical and self-inquiring, straining throughout her life to bring out the best in herself.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

THE DANCE

From a sequence "For Sir John Davies."

Is that dance slowing in the mind of man
That made him think the universe could hum?
The great wheel turns its axle when it can;
I need a place to sing, and dancing-room;
And I have made a promise to my ears
I'll sing and whistle romping with the bears.

For they are all my friends: I saw one slide
Down a steep hillside on a cake of ice,—
Or was that in a book? I think with pride:
A caged bear rarely does the same thing twice
In the same way: O watch his body sway!—
This animal remembering to be gay.

I tried to fling my shadow at the moon,
The while my blood leaped with a wordless song.
Though dancing needs a master, I had none
To teach my toes to listen to my tongue.
But what I learned there, dancing all alone,
Was not the joyless motion of a stone.

I take this cadence from a man named Yeats;
I take it, and I give it back again:
For other tunes and other wanton beats
Have tossed my heart and fiddled through my brain.

Yes, I was dancing-mad, and how
That came to be the bears and Yeats would know.

THEODORE ROETHKE

LOVE POEM

It was not difficult for Blake: they gossiped
Daily, reality and he. But I,
A poet, too,
Find it the bodily thing outside the body,
Yet near it, like a wound upon the thigh.
And so I seek you
Like pain; and when like pain you've slipped
Over my borders again, there's still this lack.
Heaven's up a strut and I'm no steeplejack.

And where's the communion? You with a tailored God
Neatly made to measure, who will sit
Inside and share
A woman's world all day and talk of it:
And yet with a look the whole tall stick is lit
And your head of hair
Becomes an adventure far above your head.
I know it, I, who never walked down the street
Like Blake, but took a cushion to your feet.

PADRAIC FALLON

LUNAR WAGON-LIT

Guide to the Moon. By PATRICK MOORE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

Into Space. By P. E. CLEATOR. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Life and the Universe. By EARL NELSON. *Staples.* 15*s.*

Flying Saucers Have Landed. By DESMOND LESLIE and GEORGE ADAMSKI. *Werner Laurie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Moore discusses the hazards of populating the moon in much the same way as Sir John Hunt speculated earlier this year on life on the upper reaches of Everest. On the whole one gathers Mr. Moore has more detailed knowledge about the lunar surface than Sir John had about the last thousand feet of the mountain. It is apparently quite certain that the Mare Imbrium is a particularly suitable place to land, but, since our knowledge of local lunar conditions is rather vague, it is appreciated that the pioneers may well find the surface structure far better in another place. If we could forget about war Mr. Moore gives us twenty years to reach the moon, but with things as they are it may take at least fifty. Even so, it is with relief that one reads that the pioneers regard it as bad policy to have only one pressurised dome at the lunar base in case it should be punctured by a meteor. It is also refreshing to realise that much thought has gone into lunar transport problems, and that railways will come into their own on the lunar surface. Unfortunately, the outlook for the Lunar Transport Commission's dining-car service is not too rosy, since the local food supply on the arid volcanic ash surface seems likely to be restricted to the odd piece of moss.

Even if Mr. Moore's account of the lunar journey and life is somewhat ingenuous, he has nevertheless produced a splendid guide-book. It would be hard to imagine a more straightforward and attractive account of the origin, motions and features of the moon. The wealth of detail obtained about the surface of an object a quarter of a million miles away is surprising. This section of the book is a tribute, not only to Mr. Moore's personal industry, but also to the ardent band of amateur astronomers who contribute so much to Great Britain's astronomy.

Into Space suffers by comparison. The founder of the British Interplanetary Society has many grudges. Even when Mr. Cleator is not ranting, his writing is superficial and self-conscious. At the beginning of the second world war a certain gentleman in South Wales prepared a scheme involving rockets for defence against air attack. This person was rightly regarded as a crank by the scientists responsible for the air defence of the country. Mr. Cleator still seems to be very annoyed by all such early opposition to rocket developments, and even retains a violent antipathy to the Editors of *Nature* for their temperate pre-war views on space travel. *Into Space* is hardly likely to gain much sympathy for its author, the Interplanetary Society or space travel. The birth pangs of any great enterprise are prolonged and severe. Evidently Mr. Cleator has no appreciation of this and consequently he seems to be mostly shouting from the side-lines.

The facts about space travel which emerge from both books are consistent with the belief that the initial stages may be near at hand. These will involve the despatch of an unmanned rocket at an initial velocity which is sufficiently high to escape from the earth's gravitational field and circle the earth in an orbit at a distance of a few thousand miles. Subsequently, unmanned rockets may be sent to the moon, and finally a manned rocket may be able to circle, or even land on the moon and return to earth. The paraphernalia of space stations necessary to facilitate similar journeys to the planets, involving months or years of space travel, still seems improbable of accomplishment in the foreseeable future. But even when Mr. Cleator finally leaves These Isles and This Ball (as he repeatedly calls Great Britain and the earth), he will still be unhappy since, apparently, an interplanetary atomic war is scarcely avoidable.

Life and the Universe is for those who like their Jeans and Hoyle at second-hand with a hotch-potch of miscellaneous information thrown in. The contents of the book, like its title, are approximate only. (In three successive chapters light travels at 186,000, 186,270 and 186,283 miles per second.) Where angels fear to tread Earl Nelson strides from atoms to nebulæ, amœba to man, with waterspouts, hurricanes, interplanetary travel and flying saucers thrown in for good measure. The result in a short book of 200 pages is somewhat disconcerting, especially when the reader is swung from protoplasm to earthquakes and volcanoes at the turn of a page. It is a pity that the writer did not severely restrict the scope of his book either to Life *or* the Universe and take more trouble in presenting his material. He shows evidence of wide and intelligent reading and could have performed a much more useful service in presenting some of his interesting topics in a more coherent form for the benefit of the non-specialist. The book is redeemed by some excellent illustrations.

Earl Nelson quotes Hoyle with approval and restates the case for there being enormous numbers of planetary systems similar to our own in the universe. He accepts the probability of life elsewhere in the universe and is even prepared to concede some form of intelligent life on Venus or Mars. In spite of this he remains calm and reasonable on the topic of "flying saucers" and dismisses the idea that they are visitors from either of these planets. Not so Messrs. Leslie and Adamski who are able to provide a detailed description and a sketch of the visitor from Venus. It is a depressing thought that in this age of scientific achievement and enlightenment such literature as *Flying Saucers Have Landed* finds a public. To dismiss the book as rubbish from beginning to end is, perhaps, to evade too easily a frightening form of contemporary escapism. The authors and publisher have either produced a first-class hoax or a virulent attack on contemporary science. Perhaps for one's peace of mind one should try to enjoy the hoax. In any case the only suitable place for the entire edition is in Mr. Cleator's first space ship, as ballast to be released in the frozen darkness of interplanetary space.

A. C. B. LOVELL

TO PET OR NOT TO PET

Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female. By ALFRED KINSEY. *W. B. Saunders.* 50*s.*

The Kinsey Report, as all the world knows, is based on case histories of the intimate sexual lives of nearly 6,000 American women. From the wealth of material offered I shall select a provocative subject, that of the petting party, and shall discuss its implications both for the adolescent and for society. Customs are changing so rapidly that we do not yet know whether these new sexual habits are advantageous to the individual, let alone to society in general.

The institution of the "petting party" seems to have begun in about the 1920s and has figured largely in the life of young America since then. This social development must not be confused with the serious trial marriage, so ably advocated by Judge Lindsey at that time and practised of course quite widely in this country too. It will surprise some people to learn that among Kinsey's group, 99 per cent. of unmarried women who had reached the age of thirty-five were either not virgins or were accustomed to sexual intimacy short of actual penetration; and that by the age of fifteen, two out of five had "permitted" their social life to include petting. The phrase is chosen advisedly, for from the material Kinsey offers it appears that, unlike the adolescent boy, girls in their teens are not usually impelled to pet by a strong sexual urge but merely by a fear of being left out of the social swim. Since the publication of this book, these young girls will even discover that their chances of marriage are higher if they pet than if they do not. In short, a subtle form of blackmail has appeared which requires young adolescents promiscuously to pet, often in

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the case of the immature only for purposes of self-esteem or to avoid being thought cissie. Initiation into sexual intimacy is therefore experienced usually without love or even romance, and to most people this would seem an essentially distasteful state of affairs. Because such social customs tend to spread we shall be wise to do some hard thinking. I know of a London school where petting is now *de rigueur*, since its introduction last year by an American child.

Partial initiation into sexual congress, repeated perhaps over many years, would seem unlikely to favour a mature sexual development. Some measure of satisfaction is often attained in petting, but the activity must stop short of full consummation which is emotionally and physiologically its "right true end." Thus the stimulation of erotic feeling must always exceed its gratification. For the girl, continual restraint is demanded, her feminine inclination to surrender being the one thing which she must never permit. It is not surprising that Kinsey's figures show a high proportion of frigidities in early marriage. For the boy, repeated partial frustration would seem likely to condition him to the commonest male sexual neurosis, precipitancy. It is known that stimulation which is only partially relieved often creates "anxiety", particularly in sexually inexperienced people and this anxiety of itself begets an increased need for sexual reassurance. It is hardly surprising that some of these children, in attempting to mimic the adult sexual act, are found to be spending much of their school days in a frazzle of sexual tension.

The question naturally arises, would it be better for society to permit full and normal copulation to young adolescents, or to attempt to return to the restrictions of the previous generation? Kinsey has shown that the male is at the peak of his potency soon after adolescence, though the female does not usually reach this stage until the late twenties. Adolescent boys may suffer intensely on account of the delay in sexual fulfilment and indeed the unstable often become victims of deviation—homosexuality, sado-masochism, and so on, during this waiting interval. For girls the difficulty is usually much less acute. Kinsey's own work offers no solution of the difficult problem of the adolescent, and no civilised society can give us a proved answer.

It seems almost old-fashioned now to quote from Freud. "Much of our most highly valued cultural heritage has been acquired at the cost of sexuality and by the restriction of sexual motive forces." This view maintains that sexual energy, the "libido," can be used in special ways for learning and creation when it is temporarily diverted from sexual channels. In well orientated people this can occur either by sublimation—an unconscious process possible in some but not all—or by a voluntary acceptance of erotic restraint. A proportion of people, however, cannot make adjustments of this sort. When, in childhood, there have been particular difficulties in giving up antisocial desires and where such desires have been renounced only by repression, flaws develop in the psychic structure. These are the people who in celibacy most readily develop symptoms of stress, inability to work, insomnia and other neurotic features. Yet it seems to be a fact that when an adolescent can temporarily modify or restrain his sexual libido he may thereby enrich his own personality and development.

Opinion on these issues is well presented in two books. Unwin, in his monumental study *Sex and Culture*, has observed the habits of 80 primitive peoples. From them he draws conclusions about the social value of chastity which are in harmony with some of Freud's teaching. He maintains that societies which limit pre-marital intercourse and severely restrict infidelity are those showing the greatest social and mental energy. He finds that if even one social stratum imposes pre-nuptial continence, that society as a whole will behave as a civilised one. Thus society is free to choose either great social momentum or great sexual freedom; if attempts are made to achieve both, expenditure of capital energy is quickly depleted, and after about one outstanding generation the society regresses.

A formidable antagonist to this rather gloomy view is Reich, who, in his book *The Sexual Revolution* makes an eloquent plea for the liberation of sexual behaviour from all conventional restraint. He maintains that the conflict and misery felt by celibate adolescents can be solved in no other way than by permitting coitus and that diversity of sexual experience is natural and imperative for all normal people. The Utopia which Reich paints is a glowing one. Human beings will have their energies liberated when their sexuality is free, aggression will be lessened and political maturity will also become possible. Some attempts to translate this Utopia into reality were made in post-revolutionary Russia; they were abandoned for various extrinsic reasons, but it is also possible that liberty to this degree was not always entirely acceptable to the human subject.

It is not yet clear in what ways the rapid changes in sexual custom will affect society, but it seems likely that their influence will be important. For instance, if we were to believe Unwin, the present-day habits in America would predict a rapid falling-off in national energy. Again, there is the question, will American standards ultimately affect us in a similar way? If so, will this be disadvantageous for us or not? We in this country have already changed our customs very greatly. We have no Kinsey to tell us of our behaviour; we do not even know what proportion of sexual unions are consummated before marriage, but undoubtedly the number is now great. Some of us, particularly those who deal with nullity suits and other major sexual miscalculations, feel that the serious trial marriage has some advantages to offer to society.

Thirty years' experience in medical practice have given me the impression that although promiscuity is commoner, easier and safer than it was a generation ago, the emotional difficulties of the individual seem to be almost as incalculable and insoluble now as they were before. There is slightly more carefulness about contraception, but none too much; and there is decidedly less venereal disease to shatter people's lives. But the suffering, the sexual disappointment and the heartbreak seem to have been little helped by the growing social leniency.

We are left, therefore, wondering what solutions the future will hold. One positive line of approach relates to the education of the individual, and is believed by some psychiatrists to be important. It concerns the management of infantile sexuality, and its doctrines, curiously enough, are in direct opposition both to Victorian tenets and to the Truby King disciplines now believed to have caused such a vast amount of suffering and neurosis. The term "infantile sexuality" is wide, embracing sensations that go beyond direct genital feeling. They include mouth activities and bodily curiosities of great importance to the infant, which are too often over-ridden in nursery training. When these early libidinal impulses are gratified in ways *normal to each age*, the child will either sublimate or outgrow his desires, instead of repressing them. It is held that if a child experiences a satisfactory libidinal development, later he will be capable of making responsible emotional relationships.

Some educationalists and parents are already attempting to give a fuller rein to the sexual curiosities and experiences of the young. By six or seven years of age a satisfied child is said to have worked through this phase and remains more or less disinterested until the physiological impetus of puberty occurs. If his early needs have been fulfilled, he should be able both to bear some necessary adolescent restraints, and in so doing to undergo less anxiety and suffering than is usually entailed. In successful adolescence, celibacy can usually be tolerated as a state favourable to education and one ultimately to be put aside under the pressure of deep affection, and not as a social pastime. Thus chastity could regain its dignity and might even become an ethical commodity that, in our turn, we could export to America.

MEDICA

THE OTHER ISLAND

Mind You, I've Said Nothing! By HONOR TRACY. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Silent Traveller in Dublin. By CHIANG YEE. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

No two books about Ireland could be more unlike than these. Mr. Chiang Yee is too gentle, Miss Tracy too savage, by half. Mr. Chiang Yee, well-known as a patron of giant pandas, finds one, sure enough, in Dublin—only (and this is significant) it is a stuffed one. Lovers of the whimsy and the woolly, who would pat your Kerry Blue if only it hadn't got teeth, should enjoy both the text and illustrations of this Silent Traveller; still, it is much to be doubted whether a *silent* traveller can really get to know Ireland. Miss Tracy is anything but silent and could hold her own in the Pearl Bar at its noisiest and, what is more, at its moments of greatest malice. Speaking as an Irishman of Southern blood and Northern upbringing, whose father was a Protestant bishop and also a fervent Home Ruler, I salute with delight this brilliant and unjust book, which I take it is bound to be officially banned, universally denounced and avidly read in Dublin.

Miss Tracy says a great many things which few Irishmen would have the guts and few Englishmen the wits to put down in black and white. Her title is a winning gambit and her subtitle, "Forays in the Irish Republic," is fair—or unfair—enough; the Republic, if it loses its sense of proportion (a sense which Miss Tracy would deny it), might well make her its Enemy Number One. But a sense of proportion should enable any reader to find her destructiveness instructive; Thomas Love Peacock, for a parallel, can teach us a lot about the Romantic Revival but we cannot learn anything from him if we expect to learn everything. Miss Tracy has the virtues and the drawbacks of a truly ferocious common sense. Her book will infuriate the Irish (though, as she foresees, they may enjoy that) but will also distress some of the English whose interest in Ireland, as she knows, "is often rooted in misconception." "There'll always be an Ireland," she concludes, "if England has anything to say in the matter."

This is the most astringent book about Ireland since Shaw and the most amusing since Somerville and Ross. Many Irishmen, of course, would say that the wit of *John Bull's Other Island* and the humour of *The Irish R.M.* were quite off the Irish target. This is not so and I especially admire Miss Tracy for daring (what is perhaps the most daring thing in a daring book) to maintain that "Stage Irishry" is not only a fact but a virtue; after all, this is only another way of saying that as a race we have a sense of theatre. "Not only," says Miss Tracy, "do 'stage' Irishmen abound to this day but they are far pleasanter than the other kind." Anyone who knows the other kind—the dour, self-righteous, know-all, give-nothing-away, obtuse and mealy-mouthed kind—must surely agree with this. Miss Tracy finds plenty of theatre without even going in search of it.

> A woman stood arguing with the vendor of a statuette of Blessed Martin de Porres.
>
> "He's not very black."
>
> "That's the blackest we do at three and six. There's a darker one for seven shillings."

What will be most resented in Ireland is Miss Tracy's attitude to the Roman Catholic Church. Irish Catholics would probably prefer even the polemics of Sean O'Casey to this not even angry analysis:

> Some Catholics are pleased to see in their moral ambiguities the proof of one more superiority over the Protestant . . . the Church herself sets no great store by virtue. Organisation is her business and very capably she attends to it. When first I came to know Ireland I was dismayed by the conduct of many of the bishops and clergy because I had a mistaken idea of what their function was. Their arrogance, their pride, their vindictiveness, their greed, did not square with what I took to be the mission of a Christian priesthood. But after time had passed I began to see the error. . . . They were not following the Way and the Truth at all; they were running a country.

"The raft suddenly dived into a yawning chasm of seething water..."

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Though such remarks will pain many truly religious people (and in spite of Miss Tracy there are many such in Ireland and of all denominations), it should be remembered that many good Catholics from Catholic countries on the Continent have been shocked and depressed by the narrowness and arrogance which their own Church shows in this "most Catholic of countries." I only regret that Miss Tracy has not attended in equal detail to the Orangemen.

"Aren't the Irish sweet!" I heard this remark some years ago at a performance (God save all here!) of *The Playboy of the Western World*. Anyone who still believes that we're all sugar and spice should be cured by reading Miss Tracy. But after the cure (a cure as good as a feast) we must scrupulously remind ourselves that she is after all a satirist; she may tell us nothing but the truth but she does not tell us the whole truth. There are other small countries which, having had more than their share of sentimental rhapsodies, could do with such a douche of cold water. Someone with Miss Tracy's gifts could have, for example, a high old time with modern Greece. Half a day in Athens could throw up wonderfully comic examples of corruption, double-talk, pretentiousness, idleness or fecklessness. Without telling a single lie the modern Peacock could suggest that the Greeks by and large are hopeless, though, of course, vastly amusing. Which would make their behaviour during the Italian invasion and the German occupation inexplicable. In the same way there is nothing in Miss Tracy's book that could possibly account for the heroism that not a few Irishmen have shown in our time both at home and abroad, or that could even (though she has a good word for two novelists) account for the very large part played by Irish writers in modern literature.

LOUIS MACNEICE

AMATEUR CHAMPION

Norman Douglas: A Pictorial Record. *Richards Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This makes a pleasing little album, and one that contains a good deal more than meets the eye: sixteen photographs of Douglas between the ages of three and eighty, plus Max Beerbohm's caricature, together with a sensible informative introduction by Constantine FitzGibbon. It should do nicely as an apéritif before the full-length biography that will be so infernally difficult a job for somebody.

Despite his need for cash—he had to live by the pen from the age of forty onwards—Norman Douglas remained an amateur writer. Although tips on the art of life are scattered throughout his books, he was the least didactic of sages. An avuncular rather than a paternal figure, he does not suffer the fate of the pundit who attracts ambivalent emotions and whose death releases a wave of hostility. Where he is concerned any demonstration is a demonstration of affection. Not that he wasn't a formidable person. Indeed, you could make a strong case for him as the nearest approach to the complete man, the Renaissance all-rounder, of any literary figure of modern times. Scholar, scientist, diplomat, athlete, man of pleasure, man of action, musician; very virile, not unfeminine; a rare bird, difficult to classify, so richly endowed both mentally and physically, combining the digestion of an ostrich with the sensitivity of a humming-bird.

The variety is reflected in these rather misty, most of them, intensely period-communicating photographs. At twenty he looks almost pretty, a bit like the young Duke of Windsor, with a rather more elaborate intellectual equipment, of course; at twenty-one, preparing for the Diplomatic Service, (he was Third Secretary at St. Petersburg) there is a faint resemblance to the late Lord Rosebery; at forty-three (1911), leaving Capri to work on the *English Review*, a suggestion of Sir Bernard Spilsbury. In his sixties he enjoys a phase of rejuvenation; in one rather Silenus-like stance, at the age of sixty-seven, he looks not a day over fifty. In his seventies the face becomes thinner; it remains very strong, with the cliff-like forehead, the big nose and the firm, rather delicate lips that fit together, as Aldous Huxley wrote of "Mr. Cardan" in *Those Barren Leaves*, like the moving parts of a very well made piece of furniture.

The vicissitudes were considerable. They included an unhappy marriage, a long period of ill health, the loss of a fortune in early middle-age, some trouble with various authorities. A weak man would have been bowled over altogether. Many quite strong men would have decided, at some point or other, to play for security. Norman Douglas never gave a damn. He refused to budge from his amateur status. He lived and wrote, from his paper on "The Plumage of the Corvidae" published in *The Zoologist* when he was seventeen, to *South Wind*, and *Old Calabria*, and *Alone*—the two best, perhaps, of his travel books—as he pleased.

Mr. FitzGibbon provides some interesting bibliographical and biographical information. He also deals firmly and tactfully with Douglas's "recklessness towards the generally accepted social conventions." He sweeps away whatever remains of the myth of Douglas as an apostle of any special brand of Bohemian free living, points out that "though he might flout the morality of his society he was never anti-social." Fair enough: there is, of course, a good deal more that could be said about the underlying case-history. He also stresses an aspect of Douglas which has not been fully appreciated: his remarkable Victorian gentlemanliness, expressed in his perfect manners. Another good point which he makes is the special part which Douglas's Austrian ancestry may have played in his yearning for the South. There is something almost Mozartian about his feeling for classical forms and what he called "moments of golden equipoise." One is left with the impression reinforced of a man of quite exceptional talent and vitality who might have been or done almost anything.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

ADVANCING FRONTIERS

The Making of the Middle Ages. By R. W. SOUTHERN. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

It is unfortunate that so distinguished a book should have so conventional a title, suggesting a text book survey of perhaps a thousand years of European history. Mr. Southern does indeed begin by taking us to the mountain tops, showing us the late tenth-century panorama when western Europe appeared as "an undeveloped hinterland, the source merely of a few commodities such as slaves and arms." The future seemed to belong perhaps to Byzantium, which had survived so triumphantly; or to the Moslems, who had conquered so much of the Mediterranean world and assimilated so much of its culture; or even to the Scandinavians, whose command of the seas had brought them such large rewards from piracy, trade and conquest. Yet it was not in these areas but in the rural, backward and ignorant west of Europe that there developed a creative and resilient civilisation which is only now losing the ascendancy it has enjoyed for a thousand years. Viewed from the present, medieval Europe often appears as remote, cold and slow-moving as a glacier, melting into turbulent and irrigating waters only in the sixteenth century. From Mr. Southern's vantage point the eleventh and twelfth centuries are brought into the foreground as a crucial period of astonishingly rapid transformation in western Europe, remarkable both for the energies released and the new disciplines which gave them such enduring influence.

Mr. Southern is more concerned to bring out the scale and the exact nature of the changes in this period than to explain them by easy generalities. In five widely ranging chapters he discusses territorial expansion, the growth of government and the social structure, the Church, intellectual developments and the changes in modes of thought and feeling. Mr. Southern handles and links these big and difficult themes in a vivid, original and extraordinarily convincing way without ever crowding his pages or falling into the strained didactic manner. How has this been achieved in 250 pages? One answer is that the big themes are introduced and illuminated by starting from small and concrete scraps of evidence: the mortuary roll of a Pyrenean count, illustrating the quality and variety of literary culture in the eleventh century; the Spanish bishop who was a link between missions to Cordova and Constantinople; the county of Anjou, revealing the emergence of a new political order with the sharpness and clarity of a miniature; the custodians of the cathedral church of Arezzo, exemplifying the abuses of the unreformed church; and instructions to a night watchman, used to show how daily needs were related to the advances in astronomy.

"Nothing," says Mr. Southern, "distinguishes the taste of an age more clearly than the language which it admires," and he is brilliantly successful in showing how intellectual advances and new ranges of experience were reflected in the growing freedom, precision and richness of vocabulary and style. But though he stresses how much was achieved in this period, showing with great clarity why the study of logic was then so fascinating and so fundamental, he never presses his claims too far. He writes of the fierce allegiance and ardent devotion commanded by the great system of the Church in the twelfth century and adds:

> Though the system had its heroes and its philosophers, it was also, as practical men knew, capable of being manipulated to give much the same results as had been obtained in a simpler and cruder age. The whole secret lay in knowing the ropes, and in sensing how far one could go.

Again, after a vivid sketch of the "intense and questioning intellectual life" of the mid-twelfth century, he comments that "In many ways it was not a very attractive intellectual life: little men with little dialectical gimlets were offering to open all the safes in the theological world."

What makes this book so impressive is its combination of sensitive scholarship with breadth of sympathy and the gifts of persuasive exposition. Mr. Southern has the good tutor's power of using analogy and simile with skill, and has not been afraid to use Browne and Dryden, Jane Austen and Macaulay, Walter Scott and H. G. Wells to enforce and enlarge his points. He writes with an ease, economy and modesty that make it easy to forget the unusual learning and insight which inform this distinguished and enjoyable book.

J. O. PRESTWICH

THE ART OF PREACHING

The Sermons of John Donne. Edited by GEORGE R. POTTER and EVELYN M. SIMPSON. Vol. I. *Cambridge: for University of California Press.* 56*s.* 6*d.*

Well over a century since Coleridge inquired why the sermons of Donne were not reprinted at Oxford, the University of California Press has embarked on a noble edition of his one hundred and sixty extant sermons, to be published in ten volumes. The editors are two of the foremost Donne scholars of the day and their collaboration is a happy example of transatlantic co-operation. The text is that of the original editions, collated with what manuscript versions survive, and is properly conservative. It is impossible, except where a correction is obvious, to attempt to amend seventeenth-century prose, and the editors have rightly preferred calling attention to corruption to attempting to tinker with it. Each volume is to be prefaced by an introductory essay on the sermons which it contains. This first volume has, in addition, full bibliographical and textual introductions, and we are promised valuable appendices, on such topics as Donne's Biblical and Patristic scholarship, in the final volume. The greatest care and skill—as well as patience—has been lavished on this monument to Donne's fame as a preacher. The edition is most finely printed, and, considering the nature of the work, slips are extremely rare.

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Once a year comes the Punch Almanack and here it is – out this week – 48 pages crackling with wit, sparkling with colour. To the rich and seasonable seasoning A.P.H. adds an enquiry into The Hangover, Dorothy Sayers a paper on Unholy Days, Anthony Powell a sensitive study of Kafka's Christmas Stocking.

Out-stripping the "comics" Richard Usborne and Norman Mansbridge follow Supermac as he saves King Wenceslas from the un-American way of life. These are samples only from a diversity of talents. In coloured drawings Emett, Ardizzone and Hoffnung present their disconcerting views of the Christmas world.

This week's regular issue of Punch is likewise varied. André François has the first of a series of drawings which retrace the Odyssey through Modern Greece. Emett chooses a subject heroic in a different way – the fall of Battersea Pleasure Gardens under the auctioneer's gavel. Kenneth Tynan turns an acute ear to the Sirenland of Sunday Papers.

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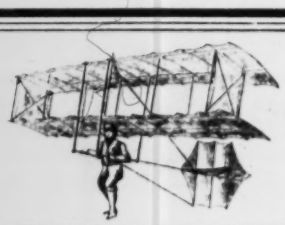
Coleridge's own marginal notes in a copy of *LXXX Sermons* suggest an answer to his query. They are a mixture of admiration and exasperation. "A just sentiment beautifully expressed," he comments; but elsewhere "O this is sad misty divinity! far too scholastical for the pulpit, far too vague and unphilosophic for the study." The nineteenth century—particularly the latter half, when Donne's reputation as a poet began to rise—was an age great in preaching and in Biblical scholarship. To readers of Church, Liddon or Mozley, the sermons of Donne would have seemed, as they did to Coleridge, a mixture of splendid passages with obsolete and puerile speculation. The disappearance of the sermon as a literary form leaves us with no contemporary standard by which to find Donne's wanting. Also, along with the revival of interest in scholasticism, this century has seen the popularisation of art history, which has made the typological reading of the Bible familiar. An age in which Aquinas is talked about at dinner-parties, and in which tourists know why Gideon's fleece and the burning bush are carved on porches dedicated to the Virgin, finds the manner and method of a Jacobean preacher less "quaint" than they seemed to our grandfathers. (It comes, indeed, as a slight shock to find the editors commenting on Donne's "conventional unhumorous defence of Jacob's piety and virtue." Michaelangelo saw no comedy in Noah's drunkenness.) Our fathers were, perhaps, too recently emancipated from the reading of sermons to wish to treat Donne's as anything but a quarry out of which fine passages could be dug; but the time is now fully ripe for a complete edition.

When John Donne the younger published his father's sermons he arranged them by subject-matter. A theologically minded public, reading for edification, would naturally want to find together sermons for the great festivals, or the sermons preached over a number of years on the Penitential Psalms. This edition discards the traditional arrangement and prints the sermons in their chronological order. Luckily the great majority of them can be dated precisely. This procedure is obviously the right one today, although those fortunate enough to possess the folios will, no doubt, from time to time, go back to them and read the sermons in the old way. Printed chronologically the sermons are of considerable historical interest because of their topical references and the reflection in them of shifts of opinion during the sixteen years of Donne's ministry. Donne preached very much to the times. Also, since Donne is the most self-revealing of writers, a chronological arrangement is of the greatest interest to his biographers. Even in this first volume, containing his first nine sermons only, the growth of his ideas as well as the growth of his art can be seen, a sentence in one sermon flowering into a paragraph in a later one.

But there is a deeper pleasure to be got from reading Donne's sermons *in extenso* than the enlargement of our knowledge of the age and the man. It is a pleasure akin to the pleasure his poetry gives. It is the quality of many of his poems to blaze up into a clear flame out of smoke and smoulder. The mind that beats out thin the metal of thought in his poems, to give them that final "stamp that makes them current," is seen in the sermons wrestling with what he believed to be the Word of Life. Just as in a poem Donne's mind plays with possible analogies and ideas, often exploring them to reject them, so in a sermon he worries the text, testing possible interpretations to find in it saving truth. And when he does break up and cast away the shell and come to the kernel, and speaks of the human heart in its subtlety and of the love and mercy of God in its simplicity, the effect is profoundly exciting. There is a sense of intellectual and spiritual reward, if we have followed Donne's mind going about and about, which no anthology can give us. There are bad sermons as there are bad poems, though none I think is without some merit; but this volume contains at least two sermons which can be regarded as works of art of the same order as the *Anniversaries*: the sermon on Love, preached before Queen Anne, and the second of the two sermons on the text "That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

HELEN GARDNER



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This is an entertaining work, both as a record of the early days of mountaineering and as a gallery of portraits of its intrepid, highly individualist and often eccentric pioneers, including Ruskin, Whymper, Tyndall, Leslie Stephen, etc. The numerous old photographs are delightful. 18s.

B A T S F O R D

ENGLAND FROM THE CLUB WINDOW

Old Men Forget. The Autobiography of Duff Cooper. *Hart-Davis.* 21s.

I have a grave weakness for the political *Life*, though I prefer it in several volumes. Those great three-decker Egyptian tombs in which British statesmen used to bury themselves on retirement as a matter of course, hold no terrors for me. I explore the vast antechambers of opposition, the long flickering corridors of office, with excitement and a holy awe. My statesmen cannot be *affairés* enough. Chapter-headings that would daunt most readers—"Tariff Reform," "The Tadcaster By-election," "In the Wilderness," "A Break in the Clouds," "At the Board of Trade, 1900-1903," "Agadir—and After,"—promise chapels of ease, meadows of rest and refreshment, after the peaks, passes and glaciers of contemporary literature. I love the virility of the political memoir, the groups of determined men girding their loins and setting their shoulders to the wheel, the Chief Whip showing the pack sport, the smell of elbow grease in the Smoking Room, the quagmires of indiscretion, the titanic struggles and hair's-breadth escapes. To me it is poetry in sepia, an epic of Edwardian giants. *Punch* is Malory, Crabbet is Camelot, Merlin sits on the Liberal Front Bench. The hero of my Arthuriad is Arthur Balfour.

Alas, Lord Norwich's autobiography is not at all like this. It lacks those two great ingredients of the political *Life*—opacity and pomposity. None of my heroes could have written, as Lord Norwich does on page 65 of this book:

> Writing in my sixty-fourth year, I can truthfully say that since I have reached the age of discretion I have consistently drunk more than most people would say was good for me. Nor do I regret it. Wine has been to me a firm friend and a wise counsellor. . . . Under its influence words have often come too easily which had better not have been spoken, and letters have been written which had better not have been sent. But if such small indiscretions standing in the debit column of wine's account were added up, they would amount to nothing in comparison with the vast accumulation on the credit side.

This may not be in the tradition, but it is certainly endearing. So is the picture of young Duff Cooper Boswellizing in his diary as he leaves for the Front with a Guards detachment in 1918:

> The officer of the draft had arrived, but was in no state to march. . . . I took charge and marched off the men, leading them with the drums in front. The band played nearly all the way from Chelsea to Waterloo and I felt proud, romantic and exalted.

The earlier chapters of this book are incomparably the best. We watch Duff Cooper shaking a tiny nine-year-old fist at President Kruger's image on the Paris bioscope; playing bridge in an Eton back-parlour; riding in Oxford point-to-points and lecturing New College Wykehamists on Rimbaud; ever vainly but attractively modelling himself on Fox. We follow him into the great world and on to 1914. Almost every friend in his own set is killed, he himself goes to the Front, behaves bravely, writes of it with modesty and exactness. We catch glimpses of great men: Kitchener at Dover, surrounded by Cabinet ministers, looking "like an officer who has got mixed up with a lot of strolling players and is trying to pretend he doesn't know them"; Lloyd George, who "creates the impression of a great man and . . . does it without seeming theatrical and without seeming sincere."

We watch the young F.O. Second Secretary making the most brilliant marriage of his year, after months of heavy opposition.

> May 1st. At 6.30 I went to see the Duke, fortified with whisky but feeling almost as nervous as on the occasion of our last interview. He was extremely charming, could not possibly have been nicer or made it easier. He said a word or two about settlements, our interview only lasted about twenty minutes, for half of which he succeeded in talking about other things such as the growth of Bolshevism and the future of the Territorials.

We watch him helping to get out *The Times* during the General Strike. "Diana asked me this morning how soon we could with honour leave the country. I said not until the massacres begin." It is *Cavalcade* over again, England as it unrolls itself beneath the windows of White's.

And so out into the sea of post-War politics, the maiden speech on Egypt, the minor offices, the Horse Guards, the Admiralty. To his Munich colleagues, young Duff Cooper must have seemed indiscreet, and a lightweight. Mr. Chamberlain was probably glad to get rid of him. Yet it is ironic that the high moment of his career was that in which he proffered his resignation.

With World War II Lord Norwich's narrative picks up. We are touching the hem of the Churchillian ægis, watching the will to win working downwards among subordinates:

> . . . We were in Cairo when there occurred the crisis which nearly brought to an end the reign of King Farouk. Everything had been prepared. The cars were ready, the road to the Canal had been cleared, and at the other end was the ship that was to bear the King to his ultimate destination. The experienced hand of Walter Monckton had drafted the abdication, the King had inked his pen to sign it, behind him towered the imposing forms of Miles Lampson and Oliver Lyttelton. The King looked up at them. "Will you give me another chance?" he asked. He was only twenty-one. They relented. . . . The crisis was off, and when we returned . . . we found most of the principal actors in the hall of the Embassy discussing the evening as people discuss the first night of a play when nobody is sure whether it has been a success or a failure.

The book ends in a rich blaze of anecdote, occasioned by Sir Winston Churchill's unequal battle with de Gaulle. "Of all the crosses I have to bear," Sir Winston is said to have once re-

marked, "the Cross of Lorraine is the heaviest." Lord Norwich's diary reveals the great man shouldering his burden. Clad in a siren suit, a broad Californian hat and a silk dressing-gown embroidered with gold dragons, the P.M. grumbles his preference for General Giraud, admitting he is no use but wanting him to remain as a kind of figurehead—"'A sort of Duke of Cambridge,' as he put it, 'with a Wolseley in the shape of de Lattre doing the work.'" Next day the party picnics at Marrakesh and Churchill, ringed by military police, sits for an hour amid the luncheon débris reading Captain Gronow's Memoirs:

> . . . Clemmie said she had given Winston a Caudle curtain lecture on the importance of not quarrelling with de Gaulle. He had grumbled at the time, but she thought it would bear fruit.

Secret diplomacy, a day's shooting, the Widow Clicquot, poetry, Anglo-French relations, the Savoy Grill—these Lord Norwich has loved. He has the Horatian temperament in excess. He is an apologist for happiness. Speaking of his early literary ambitions, he writes, "I cannot think that the Muse thrives on ease and prosperity, but I would rather have been a happy man than a famous poet." It is an honest admission, of a kind that the men and women of this century seldom dare to make. One might add that if he had been a less happy man, he would have been a greater politician. For he remains Horatian even in politics. He meets disaster and evacuation—at Singapore and Rabat and the Quai d'Orsay and the Ministry of Information—if not in the spirit of Regulus, in the spirit of the Regulus Ode. As France falls, as Singapore falls, he takes his seat in the plane, chiselled and serene:

> *tendens Venafranos in agros*
> *aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum.*

It is not Lord Norwich's fault but the fault of history that at each crisis of his career he has always been weighing anchor from Carthage rather than sailing towards it.

JOHN RAYMOND

THE EGG OF THE SCHOOLMEN

Political Thought in England: Tyndale to Hooker. By CHRISTOPHER MORRIS. *Oxford University Press.* 6*s.*

Shakespeare has still a great deal to answer for. Like Mazzini, he so memorably expressed so many of the political ideas of his epoch that most of them now have the faded glitter of gold paint. But if he has thus lent to the political thought of the sixteenth century a deceptive appearance of tedium, he also reminds us that politics was one of the chief concerns of Tudor England—the source, as well as the subject, of much of its greatest literature. In the splendid and shady tumult of the English Reformation, this is not surprising: nor is it strange that so much "political theory" should in fact have been ecclesiastical pamphleteering, concerned less with "the State" or "government" than with fundamental problems of kingship, religion, and society.

To the academic student of political thought, accustomed to "schools" and "doctrines," the period is a treacherous morass of ambiguity and paradox, in which dishonest but vociferous nonentities have too often masqueraded as philosophers, and even original thinking may be dismissed as platitudinous if it is not seen in the context of events. It is not enough simply to tease out the doctrines of individual figures, even if one gets those doctrines approximately right: the whole must be surveyed in its complexity before any part can be understood. Such a task requires an historian bold enough to explore the no-man's-land between political theory, theology, and political history; and it has long been waiting for fulfilment. Mr. Morris has here sought to perform it, in the most alert and stimulating work on the subject yet to appear in so brief a compass.

With original but unobtrusive scholarship, he has flicked aside many of the minor errors still repeated in the textbooks—on the supposed perfectionism of More's *Utopia*, on the non-resistance doctrine too sweepingly attributed to Tyndale, on the true meaning of "degree" both for Shakespeare and for Edmund Dudley. Crossing orthodox boundaries, he has examined sources of all kinds, literary as well as polemical; and his quotations, like his *bibliographie raisonnée*, will no doubt be rifled by generations of undergraduates. More importantly, his sense of perspective has helped to do justice to the neglected Bishop Ponet, while his common-sense grasp of first principles has enabled him to write both wittily and comprehensively. He notes, for example, during a discussion of kingship, that "in present-day Abyssinia the films of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* cannot be shown unless, in each case, the death of the King is cut out." His book is enlivened by many such asides: a hint of disagreement with the fashionable adulation of Burke; an acute defence of the conceptual value of "social contract" and "natural law"; a suggestive sketch for an analysis of the words "natural" and "nature"—a "natural," indeed, for Professor Empson. Only at two points, in fact, does Mr. Morris appear uncritical. The first is in his allusions to "medieval thought," which are both vague and unsympathetic: the second is in his acceptance of the term if not the concept of "political theory." In each case it is the acuteness of his own analysis that is his undoing: for if, as he shows, the one persisted so long into the "modern" world, and the other was so closely linked with practice, it looks as if both concepts stand in need of revision.

The story which emerges, finally, is of the conflict between the tidy electicism of scholastic thought—with its faith in reason and in law, divine and natural—and the Protestant revolution, with its arbitrary world of mercy and miracle, in which private faith is balanced by a growing royal theocracy. The Humanists pointed another way; but political events moved too swiftly, and "by 1531 . . . the men who mattered were either cynics or fanatics." Some of the former, the Henrician apologists, seemed to share the ideas of the Protestant churchmen: but men like Sir Richard Morison were all too clearly materialists. The Elizabethan settlement, less a *via media* than a conjunction of Catholic ritual and Protestant theology, was deliberately vague on all essentials of its political theory. Not until after the most damaging attacks of Catholic and Protestant extremists did Richard Hooker succeed in refashioning medieval political theory to suit the Elizabethan world. The resultant synthesis had a far more organic unity than most medieval systems; but nonetheless, like the whole vast muddle of Tudor political philosophy, it was eclectic and "medieval" to the core. For as Coleridge once confided to his Notebooks, the Reformation was "truly the Egg of the Schoolmen, tho' they ostrichlike left it to be hatched by chance."

RICHARD MAYNE

SURROGATE AND SUBSTITUTE

Hound and Quarry. By HAROLD H. WATTS. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

In the main body of this book the author considers in turn Wallace Stevens, Maxwell Anderson, Jules Romains, Robinson Jeffers, St. John Perse, Thomas Mann, W. B. Yeats, "H.D." and T. S. Eliot. He says, of this mixed company:

> Whatever they do not share, most of the writers we consider display an accent that asserts that the vanquishing of eternity—the erasing of the line early man drew between the realm he knew and that in which deity or absolute excellence existed—was a triumph for humanity. It was a step painful to prepare for but most necessary to take. This step must be regarded as a freeing if preliminary act, the prolegomena to the unconditioned artistic and moral advance that was to run parallel to scientific advance. This is a view of the matter that must not be embraced uncritically. A resistance to joyful recognition of a supposed transformation is all this essay asks.

Mr. Watts's prose is in general a little better than this. He usually handles his metaphors better (to "display an accent that asserts" is surely very difficult), and indeed they are sometimes pungent in the best American manner. On the other hand he often skids about off-balance among parentheses (*e.g.* pp. 209, 210), and he has a weakness for the unnecessary qualification. The style, in fact, like much else in the book, is very uneven; its most consistent feature, unfortunately, is prolixity.

He describes his book as an "essay," and although it runs to three hundred closely printed pages, in three parts and nineteen sub-sections, it is hard to see what else he could call it. But that hardly settles the matter, even so. For what is it an essay *in*? That Mr. Watts never once cites an authority, may mean that there are no other workers in this field; and that is just why, perhaps, the field is hard to define. For example, although the book deals exclusively with modern literature, it is certainly not literary criticism. One could say, unkindly, that the secret of the method is to deal with literature as if it were something else. The critic, for instance, observing the lines by Sherwood Anderson on page 72 and those by Wallace Stevens on page 56, is forced to ask in what light or from what point of view these two specimens can be compared at all. In what way can they ever be taken as "on a par"? The difference between Stevens and Anderson, it may be thought, is not one of degree, between good poetry and bad poetry; but of kind, between genuine poetry and something else. Stevens exhibits a poetic way of apprehension and experience, Anderson an apprehension and experience that is not poetic at all. How then can the two be profitably compared to any purpose, except that of indicating how different they are in the modes of experience that they respectively exhibit? That would be the critic's purpose; it is not the purpose of Mr. Watts.

Is it harsh to decide that this contradiction at the root of the author's method invalidates his whole book? I am loath to think so: in literary criticism it is common to find the wrong method

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(too narrowly Marxist, say, too narrowly Freudian, or too preciously aesthetic) yielding sometimes the right answers, or anyway things of value. I do not find this, I'm afraid, with Mr. Watts. And this "field" of his is not, after all, a new one which he is the first to cultivate. It has been densely peopled in its time; it is the field of "Tennyson's Philosophy of Life," of "What can we learn from Robert Browning?" And this is something for which one may well have a sneaking respect and affection; literature *can* instruct as well as please, it *has* a moral bearing—but only as literature, surely, not as a system of belief or a code of behaviour just tricked out in fancy language, from which the fanciness can and must be removed if we want to get down to brass tacks. Mr. Watts, who writes twenty pages on Yeats without quoting a single line of verse, takes for granted this hoary heresy. His vocabulary is taken half from literary criticism, half from theology, but in any case it is slap up-to-the-minute, with chapter-headings such as "The Non-Surrogate Present," and such observations as "a supervening valence renders all the drama footless." This discrepancy between modish manner and out-moded method has a very queer effect. Mr. Watts speaks somewhere of "that not very exhilarating myth, the Time-spirit"; and certainly the Spirit of the Age seems to have passed him by, except that she has taught him her vocabulary. He thinks, for instance, that he has to make a case for the *Four Quartets* against a public taste defiantly addicted instead to *The Waste Land*; that we shall be dumbfounded to realise that Yeats's "philosophy" is a gimcrack muddle; and—most important of all, for this runs through the whole book—that we, his readers, are for the most part optimistic scientific humanists, intoxicated with ever-widening prospects of human advance on all fronts.

The best part of the book, I thought, were three chapters on Thomas Mann; but even these are unfair. Thus the "Joseph" novels "are by turns an unimpassioned anthropological study of the gradual creation of a distant set of myths . . . and an impassioned last-minute delineation of a faith that modern man may live by . . ." Would it not be better, before deciding what they are "by turns," to take them for what they are all the time, *i.e.*, novels, products of imaginative art, and hence "impassioned" throughout, though with a sort of passion Mr. Watts seems not to know about?

This is an important book, for it is intelligent enough to be dangerous. I found it tedious because irrelevant; others less committed to the discipline of literary criticism may discover here an agreeable substitute.

DONALD DAVIE

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FREDERICK MULLER

VANITIES AND TOYS OF YOUTH

The Poems of Sir Arthur Gorges. Edited by HELEN ESTABROOK SANDISON. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whil'st yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde,
And whil'st her braunch faire blossomes foorth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kinde . . .

The beautiful Douglas had been scarcely, if at all, known to Spenser—but she was a Howard, daughter and heir to Viscount Bindon; and at thirteen she had married, clandestinely but perhaps with the approval of her Queen, Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and virtue, of a house shown by many notable records to be of great antiquity in this realm. Fittingly therefore was her death to be commemorated with the unexampled command of mournful numbers achieved by England's New Poet; and in *Daphnaïda* Colin Clout, not without some thumbing over alike of Chaucer and Virgil, elaborately laments the untimely passing of "the Rose, the glorie of the day." (Somewhat bewilderingly, the lady is a lioness as well. But there is no implication of the sort that attended a sonneteer's likening his mistress to one or another of the larger cats. Douglas was a Howard, and to the White Lion poetic fancy must contrive its allusion.)

And what of Arthur, the bereaved husband? He, too, if after some devious fashion, was a Howard and, what was more important, the kinsman of Ralegh: these things made it possible for him to defy the enraged Viscount and force the marriage through. The trouble came afterwards. Douglas died at eighteen and a new Viscount declared the infant Ambrosia, born on Christmas night in 1588, a "forged or changed childe" and no true heir. The charge failed and the noble traducer visited the Fleet; but the wardship of Ambrosia's lands brought Gorges into conflict with the crown. The child, advantageously married at eight and disastrously widowed at ten, was after long and ruinous litigation about to be re-wedded to Lord Thomas Howard's son or to Pembroke's. But she died even as the bidding reached its height, and her father was left to lament having "loste his deare childe; and tenn thousande pounds to boote."

By this time indeed Gorges was himself remarried—his bride being Elizabeth Clinton, daughter to the Earl of Lincoln. The second wedding ceremony, it seems, lacked something in regularity, even as had the first; and like the first it brought a contumacious father-in-law, royal disfavour, the prospect of great properties, and what appears to have been authentic conjugal felicity. But now Gorges was a seasoned Elizabethan. He had been in and out of prison; sailed against the Armada as a gentleman-volunteer; escaped assassination; commanded Ralegh's ship, the *Wastspite*, on the Island Voyage and been knighted at the hand of Essex; learnt—but to small effect—the technique of bombarding Cecil and others for place and favour. He is "crased" in health, "still clogd" with many children, so poor that he is obliged to sojourn in hired houses. But if the fall of Ralegh marked the end of his larger hopes, he lived on, a comfortably disappointed man, certainly litigious, possibly turbulent and prone to stand on his greatness, to a green old age. He had been born in the year of Tottel's *Miscellany*; he died two years after the publication of the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays. From 1557 to 1625: it is the era of England's greatest poetry. And Arthur Gorges was himself a poet—a very small one, whose work is now edited with the largest and most exigent scholarship by Professor Sandison.

Gorges is scarcely forward-looking. Essentially indeed he is a Tottel's man—and not least in that, like the earlier aristocratic poets, he thought fit to give very few of his compositions general currency. *Sir Arthur Gorges his vannetyes and toyes of yowth* is the title that he sets, with his own hand, on the carefully transcribed and revised manuscript collection, now for the first time printed from Egerton MS 3165 in the British Museum. One suspects that Sir Arthur had more regard for his verses than he would thus suggest—and with some reason, for although scarcely imaginative they have simplicity and grace. Some are about Douglas and recover for us those "sweet layes of love" which Spenser praised in 1591. Daphne is a nymph, like so many of Elizabeth's great ladies; and Gorges, like so many of her great gentleman, is a shepherd:

Keepe ladyes keepe for your owne turnes
the spanishe redde to mende your lookes
For when the Sunn my Daphnae burnes
shee seekes the water off the Brookes
And thoughe the muske and amber fine
so ladyelyke Shee cannott gett
Yett will shee weare the sweet woodbyne
the Primerose and the violett.

Daphne is a child of nature, and her charms are all sufficient for her rural lover:

For what contents my Daphne best
I never will dyspise
So Shee but wishe my sowle good reste
When death shall close myne Eyes . . .

But this hope—alas!—was indeed a vanity. The shepherd, disappointed, crased and clogd, was to outlive his nymph by nearly twice her own tale of years.

J. I. M. STEWART

NEW NOVELS

The Man With One Head. By FANNIE HURST. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Quick Bright Things. By ISOBEL STRACHEY. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Your Father and I. By LAVENDER LLOYD. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Touch and Go. By JACOBINE HICHENS. *Putnam.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

An Affair of Love. By KAY DICK. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

All these five novels are written by women, and I wish I could be really enthusiastic about any of them. Alas, not one seems to me to exist in its own right. Instead of being absorbed only in the work, I was conscious all the time of the diligence, cleverness or anxiety of the writer. Most of these ladies seem to have taken a piece of material and worked it up into the accepted shape of a novel as if they were making a dress. I could almost fancy I heard worried mutterings: "Maybe it's rather on the full side but I've got yards of the stuff and it'll be out of date next year" . . . "After all, the effect is immensely *chic* and no one's going to look at the wrong side" . . . "It seemed an ideal pattern and I've stuck to it like a limpet. Do you really think it would hang better without that stiff lining?" Two of the authors had no such hesitations. One because she knows all the tricks of novel-confecting; the other because she scorns them in the effort to produce a daring model so skin-tight as to give the illusion of nakedness.

Miss Fannie Hurst's is the most "professional"; cut and draped with American efficiency and looking more expensive than it is. The material is deceptively rich-looking, a smart psychological design featuring an unusual *motif*, woven on a multi-coloured background of "wider

significance." *The Man With One Head* is Ira Ballinger, the gentle, unworldly Jewish husband of a pretty wife absorbed in Women's Club activities. The main theme is the effect of these parents, one enmeshed in superficial contacts, the other so wraithlike that his only real contact is with an old college crony, on three of their children. With some originality, Miss Hurst makes the fourth, the imbecile Bonnie Boy, the force which holds the centrifugal family together. Miss Hurst can write acutely, dramatically and amusingly. At times she makes us feel we are up against really deep problems. But she is too expert in strong selling lines not to allay any painful apprehensions she arouses. It was highly effective to make the daughter Irene threaten to marry a coloured man, and thereby expose the shallowness of her mother's get-together activities on the margin of the U.N. However, honour is liberally satisfied by the Negro professor's renouncing Irene and reverting to an older (and more attractive) love of his own race, and Irene's broken heart is mended by a good hot bath and the prospect of a trip to Paris. Nearly everyone is left comfortably provided for emotionally with the notable exception of Bonnie Boy, whose demands are becoming dangerously out of hand.

Isobel Strachey uses brilliant, shimmering stuff, and runs it up effectively, if rather carelessly, according to the dictates of literary Vogue. At moments it looks like a Henry Green model; occasionally it suggests the influence of Elizabeth Bowen or even a naughtier, more sophisticated version of an Angela Thirkell. Mrs. Strachey is very witty. No one could hit off the inanities of party talk, the jargon of queers, the appearance and conversation of innumerable modern "types" with neater malice. Her *Quick Bright Things* are as cheerfully amoral as the personages of Restoration comedy. It hardly matters which of these human moths and butterflies mates with which. At times, Mrs. Strachey shows the capacity to go below the surface and their predicaments, especially that of her fading, soft-hearted beauty, Una, are on the point of causing us genuine distress. But the writer promptly remembers that, at all costs, she must be amusing, turns them back into specimens again, and transfixes them to their board with a smart jab of the pin.

If Miss Lavender Lloyd had not chosen a pattern at once too ambitious and too stiffly formal, her novel would have been far the best of the five. With all its faults, it is the most interesting. *Your Father and I* presents us with three people ruined, not by division between their parents but by those parents' exclusive absorption in each other. Unfortunately, her rigid adherence to an idea, excellent in itself, turns what might have been a fascinating study into an abstract, none-too-convincing case history. The material is strained and stretched to fit this artificial pattern and Miss Lloyd's considerable natural gifts are seldom allowed free play. Except for the first three pages (a more experienced writer would have cut them) everything is seen through the eyes of Martin Dunne who is in love with the neurotic Elizabeth and becomes a psychological sleuth investigating the emotional background of the Prettyman family. Martin himself is a perfectly real and convincing character and his relations with his maddening Elizabeth are extremely well described. There is more honesty and more genuine pathos in some of these passages than in the whole of the other four novels. But, though each member of the Prettyman family is plausibly presented as a character, their psychological troubles are too ingeniously manufactured to fit the writer's preconceived idea to seem authentic. One feels Miss Lloyd might have taken any other five neurotics and arbitrarily combined them into a family.

Miss Jacobine Hichens has produced a sober, ladylike garment which makes up in amplitude for what it lacks in originality. There is nothing startlingly good or startlingly bad about it. It is all about a nice, sensitive, strictly brought-up girl who falls in love with a philandering novelist in Italy, 1945. She returns to London as a private secretary and eventually escapes from being a frustrated spinster by cutting her hair (the description of this operation from shampoo to set takes four pages) and accepting a less glamorous, but more serviceable young man. There are some quite well-observed characters; there is some gentle (and also some rather embarrassing) humour; there are some good descriptions of life in Rome and London. The net result is neither ridiculous nor disturbing. It should have a wide appeal to those who like their literary wear to be contemporary, but comfortable.

Miss Kay Dick's shears cut out, not a rosy house-coat, but a pair of ruthlessly revealing jeans. It is for you to decide whether or not you are interested in what they reveal. The "I" of her *Affair of Love* goes off to Paris, "accepting the inevitabilities of the recurring cycle of sexuality" and promptly fixes herself up with two new Affairs. One lover is a French scientist ("This is life . . . crude and empirical. Let's call it the vital principle. Take it or leave it?"). The other is a Canadian journalist ("Ducky, I'm bloody good"). This emancipated lady "fortunate in that my childhood was divorced from the crippling bloodties of the parental hearth" strains every sinew to convince us of her objective approach to sex. Confronted with the Canadian, "I let my eyes flick slowly over him as though I were a man viewing a prostitute's potentialities." Whether you find the lady's account of her *Affair of Love* poignant or pretentious depends on your reaction to the lady herself. "I always attract either immediate dislike or immediate interest" she tells us. One characteristic utterance should decide you. "Having spent myself utterly upon what is so unmitigatedly characteristic, I am left with no immediate urgency to give to the typical."

ANTONIA WHITE

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

THE first volume of Jowett's Plato appeared more than eighty years ago. Since then this famous translation has run to two editions. A new and fourth edition (*The Dialogues of Plato*, Oxford, 4 vols., 6 guineas the set) has resulted in a number of minor inclusions and omissions, while the dialogues have been re-arranged "in order approximating to the probable order of composition." The editors (G. J. Allan and H. E. Dale) have also revised the translation.

The new Everyman volumes (Dent) are Johnson's *Rambler*, with introduction by S. C. Roberts; Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*; The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, translated and edited by G. N. Garmonsway; *Shorter Elizabethan Novels*; *Shorter Eighteenth Century Novels*; Dostoevsky's *Letters from the Underworld*—all at 6s. a volume; *Pepys's Diary* in three volumes, and Shelley's *Poems* in two (7s. each).

Edward Ardizzone has risen brilliantly to the occasion of the new two-volume *Barchester Towers*, the latest addition to the Oxford Illustrated Trollope (25s.), with black and white drawings far livelier than the original Millais. The two latest volumes in the Macdonald Illustrated Classics (10s. 6d. each) are Milton's *Poems*, with Doré's engravings of *Paradise Lost*; and Southey's *Life of Nelson*, illustrated by reproductions of various contemporary portraits and documents.

For reading on the train there is the new Collins Fontana series, paperbound and priced at 2s., 3s. and 4s. according to size. Norman Collins's *London Belongs to Me*, Thomas Armstrong's *The Crowthers of Bankdam* and Eric Williams's *The Wooden Horse* are among the first dozen titles; thrillers and detection are represented by Mrs. Christie, Hammond Innes and the late Peter Cheyney. Those who prefer their lurid reading "in period" will be interested in the reappearance of Zola's *Nana* in a new translation by Charles Duff (Heinemann, 15s.), with illustrations reproduced from the original French edition. Leonard Russell's entertaining *English Wits* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) is again in print. A collection of biographical studies of Wilde, Wilkes, Saki, Whistler, Sheridan and many others, it includes Agate, MacCarthy, A. J. A. Symons and Monsignor Knox among its contributors.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

NOTE.—In future, the numbers of 78 discs will be printed in *italics*; all numbers in Roman indicate LP.

Orchestral. HAYDN: Symphony No. 92, G major; MOZART: Symphony No. 40, G minor (LSO/Krips. **D.LXT2819). This is a more idiomatic performance of Haydn's No. 92 than the Szell LP (good though that is), for the orchestral tone is less ponderous and the woodwind very spry. Krips indulges in no exaggerations, either here or in Mozart's No. 40, where it is a relief to find the composer's marking of the first movement—Allegro molto—faithfully adhered to. This is to my mind now the best version available. HAYDN: Symphonies Nos. **83 and *96 (Hallé/Barbirolli. G.ALP1038) No. 83 ("La Poule") retains its excellence in the new LP version. In No. 96 the wind is too distant and the upper strings are not very round in tone; but the performance is affectionate and the recording otherwise acceptable. BERLIOZ: *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* (Brass and Strings of Cologne Orch/Cologne Chorus/Straub. *N.LLP8040). This extraordinary work was written to commemorate the 1830 rising against Charles X. When listening to it in a room we do well to remember that it was intended for the open air. Though overlong and monotonous in timbre, this is most original and arresting music, filled with lofty and tragic feeling. Moreover, the shape of the themes, the spare harmony, the unexpected progressions, are utterly characteristic of Berlioz. The performance is a fine one, with an impressive trombone solo in the second movement and, in view of the magnitude of the undertaking, it would be unfair to withhold a star, though the recording, if lucid, is not quite spacious enough, and there is a good deal of hum; in the Finale the chorus is raucous and poorly balanced, and the strings are inaudible. MAHLER: Symphonies No. 5 and 10 (Adagio only) (Vienna State Opera Orch/Scherchen. *N.WLP6207, 2 discs). After the Fourth, the Fifth is probably Mahler's most accessible sym-

phony; it is full of striking and picturesque music, and the final Rondo has real gaiety. To judge by Walter's authoritative recording (available only in America), Scherchen exaggerates the tempi within the movements, but his reading does convey the peculiar flavour of Mahler's orchestration. The recording is wide in range, with some very good brass tone and real *ppp*. The harp in the Adagietto is too dim and the string tone in I, II and III is not weighty enough; but this improves in IV and V. We should be grateful for the fragment from the unfinished Tenth Symphony. Though far too long and diffuse, it has the beauty of an autumn sunset. BRUCKNER: Fourth Symphony (Vienna SO/Klemperer. V.PL6930). This is a most authentic performance, but the quality of the recording may be judged by the fact that the horn solo at the opening sounds like a bagpipe! If you can put up with a pinched and faithless recording, and some pitch wavering as well, you may enjoy the work, which is among Bruckner's least laboured offerings. DVORAK: Second Symphony, D minor (Philharmonia/Kubelik. *G.ALP1075). A much more lively and idiomatic performance than the recent Decca. The woodwind is here well in evidence, but the recording, though safe enough, is not quite as good as the Decca. MOZART: Piano Concertos, No. 6, B flat major, K 238; No. 8, C major, K 246 (Balsam/Winterthur SO/Goehr. *N.CLP1120). These are two of the "Salzburg" set—the first of Mozart's original concertos. The B flat is a gem, the C major rather less distinctive in character, but hardly less delightful. The solo parts are most beautifully played and the recording is adequate, though the piano treble sounds tinkly. MOZART: Sinfonia concertante, E flat major, K 364, for violin and viola (Joseph & Lillian Fuchs/Zimbler Sinfonietta. B.AXTL1018). Though perhaps a little (but not much) better recorded than the recent Vox issue, this version strikes me, by comparison, as perfunctory. The orchestral playing is vociferous, the soloists' phrasing very inelegant. The Vox disc is, moreover, much better value for money, as it contains the Sinfonia concertante for wind (K 297b) as well. RACHMANINOFF: Piano Concerto No. 2 (Lympany/Philharmonia/Malko. *G.CLP1007). This is incomparably better recorded than the Decca version, but Moura Lympany's solo has not the magisterial quality of Julius Katchen's. She sentimentalises the feminine themes and is inclined to the tiresome habit of pushing at the beginnings of phrases. In other ways this is a competent performance, and the fill-up is a successful transfer of Mendelssohn's *Capriccio brillant*, of which the SP version was in every respect a double star. SCRIABIN: Piano Concerto; *RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Piano Concerto (Badura-Skoda/Vienna SO/Swoboda. N.WLP5068). The first of these is an early work, Chopinesque and rather negative; but, although built on a small scale, it is well proportioned, and its intimate quality is perfectly suited to the exquisite style of Paul Badura-Skoda, a pianist who specialises in precise under-statement. The recording, rather confused and edgy in the Scriabin, becomes very much better in the Rimsky—also an early work, pretentiously Lisztian and making do with the absolute minimum of material. But there are some charming pages, and readers are urged to give this record a trial, if only for the sake of the wonderful pianism. BRAHMS: Double Concerto, Op 102 (De Vito/Baldovino/Philharmonia/Schwarz. G.BPL1028). Brahms's last orchestral work (and what a glowing one it is!) has not been well recorded for a very long time; and here is another disappointment. The soloists emerge as dim and scrannel; also, they make an unconvincing duo, sounding as if they were in different studios. The orchestra plays well, and is quite well recorded; but it frequently drowns the violin and cello. Also recommended: MOZART: Serenade, B flat major, K 361 (Los Angeles Woodwinds/Steinberg. **Cap. CTL7030); WAGNER: (*Götterdämmerung*—Siegfried's Rhine Journey and Funeral Music; *Tristan*—Prelude and Liebestod (Pittsburgh SO/Steinberg. **Cap.CTL7035); RAVEL: *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales; Le Tombeau de Couperin* (Suisse Romande/Ansermet. **D.LXT2821); VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: **The Lark Ascending; *Song of Thanksgiving (Pougnet/Philharmonia/Boult. P.PMB1003); ROSSINI: Overtures—*Semiramide* and *William Tell* (Concertgebouw/Van Beinum. *D.LW5039). HUMPERDINCK: *Hansel and Gretel*—Overture (B.B.C./Sargent. *DB21591).

Chamber Music and Piano. STRAUSS: Violin Sonata, E flat major, Op 18; PROKOFIEV: Violin Sonata No. 2, D major, Op 94 (Ricci/Bussotti. **D.LXT2818). Though they are very different in style—the first romantic, the second neo-classical—neither of these sonatas is first-rate music; but both are pretty, decorative and well written. The performances are most alluring and admirably recorded. BACH: Fifteen 3-part Inventions (Foss. B.AXTL1027). Usually so stylish a Bach player, Lukas Foss here disappoints. The pieces are perfect examples of Bach's keyboard art, but the pianist does not phrase them expressively: each note is given the same tonal value as the next. The result, though excellently recorded, is glumly mechanical. SCHUBERT: *Piano Sonata, A major, Op 120; **Moments musicaux, Op 94 (Goldsand. N.CLP1148); Four Impromptus, Op 142 (Curzon. D.LXT2781); 4-hand Piano Pieces (Badura-Skoda/Demus. **N.WLP-5047). The little A major Sonata is one of the piano works in which Schubert comes nearest to the style of his songs. The difficulty in playing it is to give an artless and spontaneous air to music that is technically tricky. Robert Goldsand does not quite succeed in this, but his rendering is in very good style, and the disc is all the more to be recommended because the *Moments musicaux* (apart from the F minor, which does not sound amusing) are impeccably played, and the recording is clear and spacious. Clifford Curzon's disc can also be recommended—but rather more dubiously, for the playing, though always scrupulously correct, is unimaginative, and the recording is cloudy and pings badly on certain notes. Apart from an unduly heavy surface, there is nothing to cloud our pleasure in the collection of duets, which includes the great F minor Fantasia, the Rondos in D and A, and the brilliantly scherzando *Marche caractéristique* in C. I have never heard a duo of pianists who gave me greater pleasure: their style is gentle and so unanimous that we are seldom aware of two separate pairs of hands. Their *forte* is deep but never hard, and the recorded tone is lovely. CHOPIN: Andante spianato and Grande Polonaise, Op 22; **Polonaise-fantaisie, Op 61 (Rubinstein. G.BLP1027). The Andante is hardly played *spianato*, but it is beautiful in an affected way. The Polonaise, an empty piece, is given as much meaning as it can hold, but the recording deteriorates steeply at the outset—to improve somewhat in the course of the piece. The Polonaise-Fantaisie is wholly successful. ROREM: Piano Sonata; BARTOK: Mikrokosmos, Book VI, 8 pieces (Katchen. *D.LXT2812). Ned Rorem is a young American who has studied with Nadia Boulanger. His sonata is a brilliant concert piece in the style of Poulenc; but the sophisticated idiom is made to carry a burden of innocent feeling that is attractive and individual. The playing, on both sides of the disc, is wonderfully dextrous and limpid. The Bartok studies are harsh and defiant, but splendid examples of consistent harmony. The last four, couched in the queer, stumbling Bulgarian rhythm, are perhaps the most interesting. The recording is on the hollow side, but pleasantly clean. Also recommended: TCHAIKOVSKY: String Quartet, D major, Op 11; BORODIN: String Quartet No. 2, D major (Hollywood Qt. *Cap.CTL7031); HANDEL: Seven Sonatas for flute and harpsichord, Op 1 (Baker/Marlowe. **B.AXTL1028-9).

Vocal. DUPARC: Twelve Songs (Souzay. *D.LXT2823). Save for *Le Galop*, *Au pays où se fait la guerre*, and some early trifles, this is a complete recording of all the songs which the neurotically diffident Duparc allowed to see the light of day. Gérard Souzay never sings less than well, but here the combination of a dark voice with predominantly slow tempi is dispiriting. *L'invitation au voyage* and *Le Manoir de Rosemonde* are admirable, but in *Elégie* and *Chanson triste* the languorous tempo prevents the songs from flowing as they should—and do, in the wonderful (but now unobtainable) Panzéra versions. The recording favours the voice; the piano is a little too distant, but this fault shows badly only in *Phidylé*, where the climax goes for almost nothing. (In any case, this song, alone of the set, is improved by an orchestral accompaniment.) Nevertheless, if it is not all we had hoped, the issue is certain to give a great deal of pleasure. MUSSORGSKY: Songs and Dances of Death. (Rehfuss. *D.LW5037). This is one of the best medium-play discs I have yet heard. Heinz Rehfuss may not have quite the character and variety displayed by Jennie Tourel (in the Columbia LP), but he sings with real distinction, and his French diction is admirably clear. The recording is well balanced. BEETHOVEN: *An die ferne Geliebte*; SCHUBERT: Heine Songs (Fischer-Dieskau/Moore. **G.ALP1066). Of these songs, the whole Beethoven cycle and most of the Schubert (Nos. 8-13 of the *Schwanengesang*) have appeared on SP; but none sounded quite so well as it does here. The wider range of LP recording has enabled the singer's powerful voice to be comfortably accommodated at any level. This is a most treasurable disc.

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Johannes Ockeghem, by Ernst Krenek (Sheed & Ward, 7s. 6d.), is the first of a new series of studies of Great Religious Composers. Grace O'Brien's *Golden Age of German Music and its Origins* (Jarrolds, 16s.) is mainly on medieval music and the golden age of counterpoint. The 200 music examples of Curt Sachs's *Rhythm and Tempo* (Dent, 42s.) range from the native songs of the jungle to rumba, jazz and Stravinsky.

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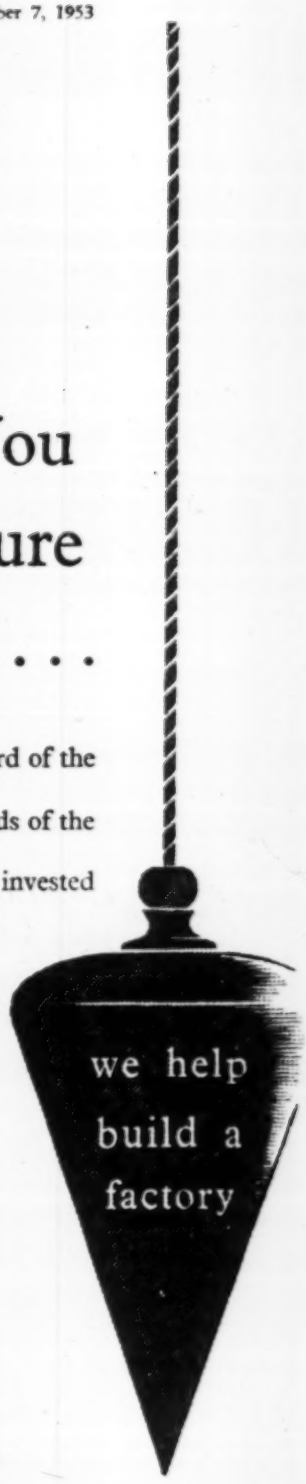

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,237

Set by C. Dunlop

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to try their hand at an English version of this poem by Théophile Gautier. Entries by Nov. 17.

CHOC DE CAVALIERS

Hier il m'a semblé (sans doute j'étais ivre)
Voir sur l'arche d'un pont un choc de cavaliers
Tout cuirassés de fer, tout imbriqués de cuivre,
Et caparaçonnés de harnois singuliers.

Des dragons accroupis grommelaient sur leurs casques,
Des Méduses d'airain ouvraient leurs yeux hagards
Dans leurs grands bouchiers aux ornements fantasques,
Et des noeuds de serpents écaillaient leurs brassards.

Par moment, du rebord de l'arcade géante,
Un cavalier blessé perdant son point d'appui,
Un cheval effaré tombait dans l'eau béante,
Gueule de crocodile entr'ouverte sous lui.

C'était vous, mes désirs, c'était vous, mes pensées,
Qui cherchiez à forcer le passage du pont,
Et vos corps tour meurtris sous leurs armes faussées,
Dorment ensevelis dans le gouffre profond.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,234

Set by Arthur Marshall

The usual prizes are offered for twelve lines of verse written on hearing the startling news that cocoa is, in fact, a mild aphrodisiac.

Report by Arthur Marshall

All suggestions that the setter is in the pay of important Cocoa Combines are, alas, denied. The attempt to bring added interest to the wholesome beverage has not been worth so much as a sample minibox of chocolettes, though there is still time. Soft centres preferred.

The startling news caused more delight than dismay. Mass Observation may care to know that female competitors far outnumbered male. Of well over 100 entries, several had to be instantly suppressed, the stimulating subject having gone straight to the poets' heads, or somewhere. There is a line and one must draw it and it is not bad fun doing so. How libellous are hints at libidinous properties? Fearing complications, poems involving names of firms had to be rejected. There were some merry rhymes for cocoa (boko, joke-oh, Orinoco, loco) and interesting by-products included the Welsh for "there's a little saucepan boiling on the fire" and the information that certain places in La Ville Lumière were on to this heady liquid ages ago.

Gems from runners-up entries include:

So *this* explains, and no mistake,
Those giggles during morning break;
And even worse, three weeks ago,
That dreadful case of — well, you know.
This must be stopped! Now, where's the shelf?
But first I'll have a cup myself;
And stirring it, reflect with glee
That soon it may be stirring me.

RICHARD MAYNE

Love potion! You may now disdain
Western wine and Eastern tea.
'Tis love that makes the world go round.
(Are you listening, G.K.C.?)

E. W. FORDHAM

Also highly commended: Sylvia, John Wardroper, Bunwin, P.M., Frances Krusin, J. H. Smith, J. R. Till, Joyce Taylor, Barbara Rickard, Valerie Yule, R.T., Pearl Norman and Gwen Foyle. A first prize of three guineas to Mrs. J. R. Bainbridge, and one guinea each to Stanley J. Sharpless, Rhoda Tuck Pook and H. D. Wakely.

LEWD SING COCOA

Oh listen, Mrs. Balham, I request your full attention,
For cocoa's found to rouse the things you'd rather never mention.
This scientific fact has now been proved beyond a doubt,
So don't let Les have cocoa when he's taking Marlene out.
Go, throw that tin of sin away and do it at the double,
Or cocoa-maddened Les may get his Marlene into trouble.
The neighbours' curtains twitch each time he takes her to the flicks,
So keep him off the cocoa or you'll all be in a fix.
And don't go drinking it yourself before you go to bed.
It doesn't soothe—it causes sex to rear its ugly head.
Unless you want debauchery to lurk within your gates,
Just stick to tea, that cup that cheers—and never titillates.

Mrs. J. R. BAINBRIDGE

CUPID'S NIGHTCAP

Half-past nine—high time for supper;
"Cocoa, love?" "Of course, my dear."
Helen thinks it quite delicious,
John prefers it now to beer.
Knocking back the sepia potion,
Hubby winks, says "Who's for bed?"
"Shan't be long," says Helen softly,
Cheeks a faintly flushing red.
For they've stumbled on the secret
Of a love that never wanes,
Rapt beneath the tumbled bedclothes,
Cocoa coursing through their veins.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Glamour it has not, nor the power of grape.
So unctuous, bland and suave a synthesis!
Inciting no man to the heat of rape
By spate of passion but, like first love's kiss,
It quickens into gradual glory, swiftly welling,
To mount at length to peaks of ardour past the telling.
"Mild," did they say? But I who once have seen,
Conceive it as a flood of potent fire,
Swift to its target, purposeful and keen
And pregnant with a spawn of mad desire,
Since my teetotal aunt, by such impellent liquor,
Sustains (although platonic) seethings for the vicar.

RHODA TUCK POOK

A ticklish problem if the news be true;
For what's a life-long Cocoaphil to do?
When I reflect how much connubial ardour
May spring from this by-product of the larder,
The moral issue stabs me like a knife:
Should I be honest? Must I tell my wife?
What woman so high-principled would stoop
To meet advances half-inspired by dope?
Only last week she laid in three new tins
Which stand as mute assessors of my sins:
They won't stand long; the voice of Nemesis
Dictates their prompt removal from the premises.

H. D. WAKELY

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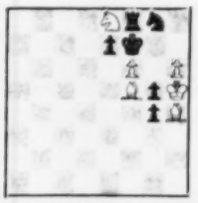
CHESS: Aussie Antics

No. 214

Since Christmas seems a long way off I will not defer that long the publication of a pretty little piece of mischief, even though it should have its rightful place in a holiday number. Competitors, at any rate, will thus be spared the mortification of having to brood most of a long week-end over a brain-teaser such as the one by Paluzia last Easter. It was that very piece which inspired one of our antipodean readers,

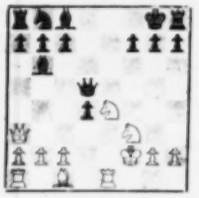


Frank Ravenscroft of Northbridge, New South Wales, to come across with one of his own, one that may fittingly be described either as a double purpose problem or one with a (deliberate) cook. What the author wants us to do is to retract White's last move and then to reverse the position of two White pieces, so as to facilitate a mate in 1. In one variation the two men to be reversed are on squares of different colour; in the alternative case they stand on squares of the same colour. Here is the author's solution for A: White's last move was P(e5) x Kt(f6). Replace and then reverse positions of K and P(e5). Then mate by B-Kt6. And for B: White's last move was P(d7) x B(e8) = Kt. Replace and then reverse P(d7) and B(f5). Mate by P x P e.p.

After so much midsummer madness—after all, it *is* getting on for midsummer in New South Wales—we may well feel inclined to look at an honest game of chess. Here is one neatly won by that inveterate garnerer of ladder-points, E. Allan of Edinburgh. I rather like the way in which the positional P-sacrifice on his 6th move was made to pay dividends.

(1) P-K4	Kt-KB3	(11) Kt-Kt5	P-B4
(2) P-K5	Kt-Q4	(12) P x P	P-K4
(3) P-Q4	P-Q3	(13) P x P	P x P
(4) P-QB4	Kt-Kt3	(14) P-B5	B-Kt5
(5) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(15) P-KB4	Q-R4
(6) P-K6!	P x P	(16) Kt-B3	Q x P ch
(7) B-Q3	Kt-Kt5	(17) B-K3	Q-B3
(8) O-O	Kt x B	(18) QR-B1	Q-Q2
(9) Q x Kt	Kt-Q2	(19) Kt-Kt5	B-B4
(10) R-K1	Kt-B3	(20) Q-Kt3	resigns

A: A. J. Head 1953



The 4-pointer for beginners was provided from a Canadian source by A. J. Head. It is a game position in which White achieved a brilliant win in 4 moves. I do not know his name, but I think that Head has deserved the chessbook token usually reserved for readers' own brainwaves, such as **B** and **C**. These are properly "home-made" compositions, they are both wins for White and they should be worth 6 and 7 points respectively. Usual prizes. Entries by Nov. 16.

B: C. J. Morse 1953

C: P. C. Wason 1953

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set on October 17

A: (1) B-Kt4! Q x B, (2) Q-Q8 ch, K-B2, (3) Kt-K5 mate. B: (1) Kt-B3 ch, K-R8, (2) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt7, (3) O-R2 ch, K-B8, (4) Q-Kt1 ch, K-Q7, (5) Q-Kt2 ch, K-K8, (6) Q-B1 ch, K-B7, (7) Kt-Q1 ch, K-B6, (8) Q-B3 ch, K-K7, (9) Q-Kt2 ch, K-Q6, (10) Q-Kt3 ch, K-Q7(K7), (11) Q-R2 ch, K-Q6, (12) Kt-Kt2 ch, K-K6, (13) Kt-B4 ch, K-B6, (14) Kt-K3 ch; if (8) . . K-B5, (9) Q-B6 ch, K-K5, (10) Q-Q4 ch, K-B6, (11) Q-Q5 ch, etc.

C: (1) K-R6, B-K4, (2) K-Kt7!, B-R7, (3) P-B4 P x P, (4) P-K5!, B x P, (5) P x P, B x Q ch, (6) P x B, R-R1, (7) K x R, K-Q2, (8) K-Kt8, etc.

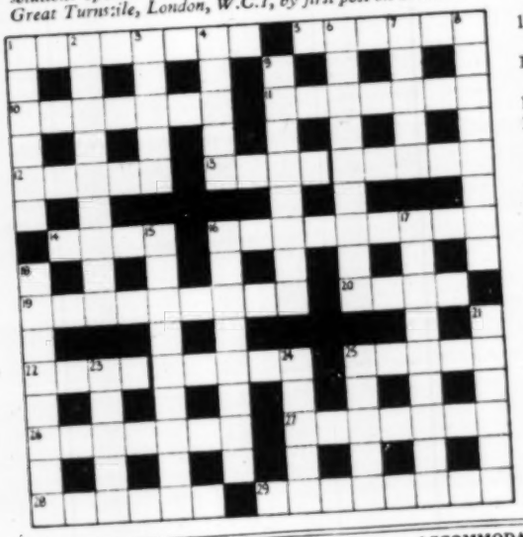
Not surprisingly, many competitors were more or less stumped by **B** and or **C**. Even so, I got 18 flawless solutions. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, A. E. Harris, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider, F. K. Taylor. *Non-Londoners' 16th move BxKt. Londoners' 16th due by Nov. 11.*

ASSIAC

The New Statesman and Nation, November 7, 1953

Week-end Crossword No. 73

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 73, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 17th Nov.



ACROSS

1. Boat destroyed in clever piece of wrecking (8).
5. Plight of a donnish imitator (6).
10. Refined and with a gentle disposition (7).
11. Garment for the sovereign? (7).
12. To know a sign (5).
13. Red-hot news is enough to make a saint play a persecutor's part (4, 5).
14. Makes do without male company for long periods of time (4).
16. Preserve and spoil a foreign invalid (9).
19. Town with an obstruction before which the stream changes course (9).
20. Hides and sleeps (4).
22. Slack school periods and favourable financial conditions (4, 5).
25. Prevent an artist from entering an island (5).
26. Where to climb for what is left by the apple-picker (7).
27. Carousal as the cutter turns to leave harbour (7).
28. Her writing is touching (6).
29. At the outset this ammunition could produce danger (8).

DOWN

1. Bed-clothes as ropes (6).
2. They are limited in *The Apple Cart* (9).
3. Coach the coaches (5).
4. Crowds have ways of getting in (5).
6. Dealer of a worthless card (9).
7. Knowing about a manufactured article (5).
8. Joined up broken tiles in the finish (8).
9. Device for putting letters together (8).
15. Keeps light company in Arnold (9).
16. Restrained in style and class (8).
17. Just & nothing else (9).
18. A dark room shows men in the guise of a beast (8).
21. Offences committed in court (6).
23. Creature more worth dying for (5).
24. The farmworker suffers a change for the worse (5).
25. Repeat put over on an animal (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 71.

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 71

Raymond Winkler (London S.W.5), D. Dawson (Lampeter), John Upton (Edinburgh, 3).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2 (PAD. 8406); c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

LIGHT single furn. bed-sitting room to let, all facilities. GLA. 4627.

HOTEL Res. Sgle, fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfst. H. & C. Tel. Porters, Resnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. & c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from £3 10s. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

ATTRAC. furn. flatlet, suit 2 persons, to let, also double & single bed-sit. rooms w. h. & c. & ckg. facs. Nr. buses/Tube. Refs. reqd. 'Phone: TUDor 9073.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Room & breakfast, 17s. 6d. daily.

MUSWELL Hill, N.10 (nr. Highgate). Lge. sunny div. rm., exceptionally fine view. Cooker, meter. Lady only. TUD. 8160.

FURN. key-flat to let, newly dec., modern furniture, h. & c. water. Manor House, N.4. £3 3s. wkly. Apply with refs. Box 3150.

HAMPSTEAD: Dble. div. flatlet. Coal stove and/or gas. Kitchenette with sink, Ascot, Cooker. Fully equipped for two. 3gns. No colour prejudice. HOL. 6237.

BED-Sit. rm., comf. furn., own H. & C. basin, in mod. flat. 12 Canfield Gdns., 5 Stirling Mans., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

THREE professional men offer accommodation in Campden Hill flat in return for domestic work. Box 3124.

CLOSE Tube, buses, well-furn. b./s. rm., brkfst., meals opt., bath. 'Phone after 4, week-ends after 11 a.m. PRI. 2403.

FOR woman student or post-graduate. Furnished room, cooking facilities. Near East Finchley Tube (½-hr. Town). 30s. per week, inclusive gas, electricity and use 'phone. Ring TUDor 1775 after 7.

COMF. furn. sgle. bed-sit. rm., cent. htd., c.h.w., in mod. flat. HAM. 0518.

SMALL modern block flats shortly being erected in N.W.1 area. Completion anticipated September, 1954. There are still available for sale a two-bedroom and three-bedroom flat. References essential. Box 3211.

FURNISHED flatlet, 2 rms., kit., 4 gns. Edith Rd., W.14. Tel. FUL. 3516.

FOR Studio, Music, Dancing, Gymnastic lessons, combined with furn. dble. accommodation if desired. Very large room (parquet), studio, bath, w.c., sep. entr.; c.h., c.h.w., superior house near Kilburn Station (Bakerloo). £5 5s. p.w. plus fuel. Write Box 3112.

DOUBLE bed-sitting rm., newly furn., kitchen, h. & c., use bath. Semi-self-contd. Extra bedroom available. HIL. 4861.

HIGHGATE Woods: beautiful divan-room, well-kept house, 3gns. double., 42s. sgle. Refs. exchd. TUDor 8207 after 6 p.m.

WIMBLEDON Common: Flat to let; self-contd. Sitting-room; d. bed.; k. & b. Elec. light & c.h.w. 5gns. p.w. Box 3177.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

DIVAN sitting-room, cooking facilities, own meter. 35s. p.w. Ring BAT. 3565.

TO let: well-furnished single bed-sitting room, new house, constant hot water, linen, cleaning. Tel. HAM. 8698.

BAKER St. Small furnished room; use of kit., bathroom & 'phone. Suit student or young business woman. Tel.: WEL. 8813.

TASTEFULLY furn. bed-sittg. rm., single, cen. htg., own tel. ext., in quiet flat nr. buses & tube. HAMpstead 0244.

TO let: two furnished rooms with cooking facilities, use of bathroom and telephone. LADbroke 1542 morning or evening 8-9.

THREE excellent bedsitters offered by young grad. couple, between 40s. & 45s. Good cooking facils. & bath. WEStern 4295.

LARGE, quiet, sunny divan-room with radiator, gas-ring, in spacious flat Kensington. Use bathroom, constant h.w. & cent. heating. Suit bus./prof. woman. WES. 4720.

IN newly bit. house, well-fur. flatlet. Built-in wardrobes. Concealed ckg. C.h.w. Lin. Serv. Prof. bus. lady. 3gns. BAY. 4617.

TO let to professional couple with 2-3-yr.-old child, furn. flat in large quiet house, 4 rms. & kit., use gdn. Nr. Tube, buses, N.W.2. 4gns. GLA. 4574.

KENSINGTON: sgle. fur. B./S rm. avail. Mon. night to Fri. morn. Box 3067.

ST. John's Wood, N.W.8. Retired solicitor has available furn. accom. Large lounge with adig. bedroom & use of kit., 3½gns. per wk. Also large bed-sit. room, 3gns. per wk. Both have cent. htg., constant h.w., & use of garden. For further details apply May & Co., 6 Fernhead Rd., W.9. Tel. LAD. 1151/2/3.

WOULD anyone working at Lime Grove Television like large bed-sitting room overlooking leafy square near Chiswick Mall? Elec. fire, kettle, griller. £2 10s. Box 3030.

NOMINAL Rent, small bright room, sunny modern house, use of k. & b., to let to lady willing to sit in 2 evenings weekly (10-year-old girl, no work). Please 'phone COLindale 5083.

TO let unfurnished. An excellent first-floor flat comprising 2 large, 1 medium-sized rooms, kitchen & bathroom, in Professional house in agreeable residential district (N.W.2), would be made available to tenant meeting the cost of conversion of approx. £250 plus £60 for lino, carpet and fittings. Rent £225 p.a. inclusive. Box 2986.

PLEAS. comf. fur. rm. Bus. lady/stud. Call 7-9 p.m. 24B Roland Gdns., S. Ken.

ACCOM. available Hostel, Dec. 20 to Jan. 9. Pleasant surroundings. Easy access West End. Home comforts. Apply Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Park, N.W.8.

COTTAGE to let furn. nr. Kent coast, 4 bed., 2 rec. Gdn. Children welc. 3gns. p.w. Levett, 10 Palace Ct., W.2. BAY. 7478.

TO Let: Furn. house Cliftonville, 3 double, 1 single, sitting, dining, kitchen. Mod. cons. 45s. a week. November-March. Richards, 11 Lawn Road, Tonbridge.

LATE autumn & wint. hols. cen. Lakelnd., comf. furn. bungalow to let, very mod. terms. Few periods also vac. 1954. Box 3110.

DOCTOR'S Secretary wants unfurn./furn. 2/3-roomed flat, N.W. Reasonable rent, or would consider sharing. Box 3161.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

BUS. woman reqs. bed-sit in quiet house, Bloomsbury area only. Box 3205.

WOMAN Pharmacist sks. unfurn. partly furn. flat, rear travelling Berkeley Sq. Mod. rent, no premiums. Box 3183.

UNIV. lecturer reqs. s/c furn. flat for two with one bedroom. Bloomsbury, Chelsea or similarly convenient area. Box 3181.

GIRL requires s/c furnished flat (or share) Holborn or near. Box 3044.

JEWISH yng. lady music student sks. bed-sitter, partial board attendance. Piano or could provide one. Must be within 20 mins. Baker St. Full partics. Box 3042.

YOUNG prof. man offers good rent for comf. apartment(s), proper ckg. facs. imperative. S.W.1/Chelsea, Kens., Hamp. or W.C. area only. Preston: HAM. 0244.

SEEKING 2/3-roomed unfurnished flat, easy access West End. Reasonable rent. Willing to decorate. Box 3126.

YOUNGISH businessman seeks accommodation as family, country outside Edinburgh, where progressive cheerful company and civilising influence available. Bkfast. & evg. meal. Away some week-ends. Box 3146.

AUTHOR seeks very quiet bed-sitting room, facing garden, with use of kitchen. Write Box 2914.

STUD. sks. quiet rm., ckg. facs., low rent, pref. W./S.W. Lond. Box 2946.

CIVIL Servant, bachelor, 32, sks. reas. accom. (bed-sit. or willing share flat) and breakfast, use garage, approx. dozen miles London Airport. Box 3018.

WHERE TO STAY

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne nr. East Grinstead. A good holiday will make all the difference to the winter. The best air in Sussex and wonderful food will make you eat like a horse. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

OXFORD 8 miles. Croft House, Burcot, near Abingdon. Autumn holidays, Winter residence. Fishing, Tennis, Billiards. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. Clifton Hampden 232.

CONVALESCENCE or Rest? Winter holiday? All those needing warmth and comfort in "Britain's Best Winter Climate" (town claim) should write for informative brochure. Early enquiry advised (fully booked most last winter) 4½ gns. twin-bedded rooms; £5 18s./£8 single rooms (according floor and size). All prices inc. gratuities, afternoon tea, fresh fruit daily, baths, htg. in bedrooms (cent. htg. everywhere). Slumberlands; h. & c.; two Lounges, Bkfst. in bed. No lift. Meat or Vegetarian. Small, well-appointed, friendly hotel rec. by readers (references gladly). Phone Hastings 4784. Normanhurst P. Hotel, Sea front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. 3-mile Prom., opp. covered walk. Nr. Sun Lounge orchestra, also London Philharmonic.

SPECIAL Offer, November! Of interest to those who must avoid inland fogs and mists. Twin-bedded top-floor rooms, £3 13s. 6d. wkly.; singles £4 14s. 6d.; incl. everything as Normanhurst advert above.

ROTTINGDEAN, Near Brighton, famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, 25s. per day and 7gns. p.w. Central heating. Telephone 3120. Brochure. Proprietor: Donald Chapman, M.P.

EDINBURGH. Lido Hotel, Douglas Crescent. Central, comfortable, modern, excellent cuisine, highly recommended, 15s. 6d. B. & B., reduction for week stay.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor, Jersey herd. Remarkably sheltered. Book now for November when "Indian Summer" weather lovely and sea warm. Log fires. Open all year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Excellent cuisine and all personal comforts guaranteed. T.V., games room, billiards. Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 254. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

WINTER in South Devon. Small Guest House, centrally situated. Good locality. Excellent food and beds. H. & C., gas fires all rooms. 4½/6gns. per week. Wyncroft, Elmsleigh Park, Paignton. Tel. 57800J.

ST. Ives, Cornwall. Fifty per cent of our guests are non-vegetarians who come because they like the food. "Woodcote" is warm, bright and beautifully situated. All rooms h. & c., some have cent. heating. Home-grown produce, 100% wholesome tasty food. Mr. & Mrs. Woolfrey, "Woodcote," Lelant, Cornwall. Hayle 3147.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts/Essex border, 27 miles London, offers restful holidays, good food, warmth & every comf. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Hth. 263.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (¼ reserved for nudism) H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

PENSION Thelia. Pleasant garden, near Pantheon. 25s. daily. Reduction for meals not taken. 75 Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris, V.

SUNNY Majorca. 10s. per day for three good meals, cleanliness and comfort. A Catalina Vera's Pension, Vista Alegre, 51 Isaac Peral, Puerto de Andraitx, Majorca.

VISITING the Tyrol? Then stay at the Hotel Grieserhof, Gries am Brenner, Austria. Situated amidst beautiful ski-slopes. Excellent cuisine, moderate terms. English references available.

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first class cuisine. All modern comforts. Reduced rates Oct. to June. Illustrated brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "New Age," unbound, 1927-34; £35 (cost £60); Pathé "Motocamera," £25 o.n.o.; Italian Linguaphone, £10; French Linguaphone, London B.A. Gown and Hood; Rayburn Cooker, water heater, with 30 gallon tank. Chambers's Encyclopædia, new 1955, instalments arranged.

WANTED: Trotsky, Problems Chinese Revolution; Borkenau, Communist International.

Send no money or goods in reply to these advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and detail. Separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

OXFORD University Delegacy for Social Training. The Delegates invite applications for one or more Open Exhibitions of £50-£100 a year, tenable for one or two years, which may be awarded to persons who wish to train for social work by preparing for the Oxford University Diploma in Public and Social Administration or the Certificate of Training for Social Work. If suitable applications are received an examination will be held in Oxford on December 7 and 8, 1953, consisting of an interview together with one general paper and two special papers in a subject related to the candidate's field of study (or experience). Both men and women may apply; but applicants who have not taken or are not preparing for a University degree must be over 23 years of age. Forms of application for admission to the examination may be obtained from the Secretary, Delegacy for Social Training, 35 Beaumont Street, Oxford, and should be returned to him completed not later than November 21.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Lecturer in Geography (Grade 1). Lecturer in Mathematics (Grade 2). Applications are invited for the above positions. The salary scale is £A800-£A1,000 with annual increments of £A50. A cost of living allowance (at present £A206 for men and £A154 10s for women) is added to the salary. Appointment will be offered at a salary within the scale according to the experience and qualifications of the person to whom an offer is made. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and Tasmania is December 15, 1953.

LONDON County Council. Secondary School Headship. Sir Walter St. John's School, Battersea High Street, S.W.11, a Voluntary Controlled Grammar School for 500 boys aged 11-18+, providing courses leading to G.C.E. (ordinary advanced and scholarship levels). Applications invited for post of headmaster, vacant now. Burnham Group 12; average unit total 1950/52 1179. Post readvertised owing to withdrawal of certain selected candidates at very late stage. Apply on Form EO/TS10 sec. (form EO/TS/10B for candidates who have completed this form since December, 1951 and have nothing to add) obtainable from Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date November 21. (1197.)

B.B.C. requires Staff Administration Assistant in Engineering Establishment Office, London, to deal with administration of large numbers of monthly graded staff in Engineer and Technical Assistant categories. Applicants should have good educational background, sound training and experience in personnel administration and capacity for maintaining good human relations; some technical knowledge is preferred. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to £1,065 maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "137 N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Second Drama Producer in Glasgow. Duties include selection of material, editing scripts and production of plays. Lively interest in drama, professional training and experience of broadcast, theatre or film production, knowledge of Scotland and Scottish literature essential. Ability to adapt and edit scripts and knowledge of music desirable. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) with five annual increments to a maximum of £1,065. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "136 N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

VACANCY for Principal's assistant, man or woman, to train as Vice-Principal and ultimate successor in small flourishing resident language school in Switzerland. Capital not required and paper qualifications not essential, but must have drive, good discipline, all-round capabilities and interests, teaching and some linguistic ability. Preferably youngish, unattached, keen on sport. Apply with full particulars, photo and international stamp coupon, to Miss M. M. Tregear, B.A., La Colline, La Tour de Peilz, Vaud, Switzerland.

TRADE Union requires Research Assistant for temporary appointment of one year. Salary £520. Candidates should have an education of University standard with preferably, but not essentially, some knowledge of economics. Interest in trade union work essential. Further particulars and application forms, can be obtained from the Post Office Engineering Union, Greystoke House, Hanger Lane, London, W.5. Completed application forms must be returned to the above address by November 30, 1953.

COMMUNITY school for maladjusted children requires child care worker good at handicrafts, music, drama or country dancing. General supervision required. Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CIVIL Service Commission. Competitions will be held in 1954 for the following:—Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service and Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Civil Service (Methods I and II). At least one House of Commons Clerkship will be filled through the Administrative Class competition. Code No. 11/54. Senior Branch of the Foreign Service (Method II only). Code No. 12/54. Special Departmental Classes (Home Civil Service), i.e. H.M. Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers in the Post Office; and Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence (Methods I and II). Code No. 17/20/54. Statistician Class (Home Civil Service) (Method I only). Code No. 21/54. Executive Class (Home Civil Service) and Branch B of the Foreign Service (Method I only) for university graduates. Code No. 22/54. Methods of Selection. Method I consists of a written examination in university honours degree subjects plus a preliminary and a final interview; Method II of a short written examination in general subjects followed for selected candidates by tests at the Civil Service Selection Board and interview before the Final Selection Board. Where two methods are provided, candidates may choose either or both. Candidates for Method II must have, or obtain in 1954, a degree at a recognised university; the degree required for the Administrative Class and Senior Branch of the Foreign Service competitions is 1st or 2nd class honours. Age limits: 20½-24 on August 1, 1954, with extension for service in H.M. Forces. In addition, for Statistician Class (21/54), extension up to three years for approved post-graduate experience. For particulars (including prospects of promotion) and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting the code number(s) of the competition(s) in which you are interested. Completed application forms for entry by Method II must be returned by November 30, 1953, and for Method I by February 27, 1954.

COMMISSIONS in the Women's Royal Air Force. Applications are invited from women over 18½ and under 37 to train as officers in the W.R.A.F. Initial appointments are for short service commissions generally five years. Pay begins at £242 p.a. and can rise to £1,163 for those selected for long service commissions. Free accommodation and rations or allowance in lieu. All candidates must pass a selection and a medical board. There are two methods of entry. For a commission granted after technical and officer training, in the Secretarial, Equipment or Fighter Control branches, candidates must be educated to G.C.E. (ordinary level) or Scottish Leaving Certificate standard. For direct commissions in the Technical, Education, Catering, Equipment or Secretarial branches, applicants should possess a University degree or the Intermediate Certificate of appropriate professional examinations, but those with sufficient practical experience will also be considered. Full details from: Air Ministry, A.R.1 (D.28), Adastral House, London, W.C.2.

LANCASTER Moor Hospital, Lancaster (Regional Mental Hospital). Psychiatric Social Worker in Sole Charge. Psychiatric Social Worker (Male or Female) required to organise and expand the services within the hospital and at the psychiatric clinic in the area. Applicants must be fully qualified and have had a wide experience of the work. Salary, etc. (Whitley), £500 × £20 to £640 p.a. Possession of a car essential, for which allowances are made. Residential accommodation if required. Applications giving details of qualifications, training and experience, together with the names of two referees, to be sent to the Medical Superintendent.

PINEWOOD requires teacher, undermatron, cook, handyman—see Schools adverts. Elizabeth Strachan, Amwellbury, Ware, Herts. Ware 52.

WORKERS' Educational Association Organiser appointment is to be made for Tyneside area. Main duties will be work among Trade Unions. Salary £400 rising to £550 per annum. Closing date for applications November 28, 1953. Particulars and application form from District Secretary, W.E.A., 51 Grainger Street, Newcastle upon Tyne. 1.

MENTAL Deficiency. Applications invited from trained social workers (women) for appointment as assistant to a local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts in L.C.C. Public Health Department. Duties include visiting and reporting upon mental defectives living in their own homes. Social science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work, and some experience of social work desirable. Salary £468–£625. Application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH.D.1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, returnable by November 28 (1207).

HOUSE Mother required to take charge of Home for 14 children, aged 3-15 years, at Kelvedon, Essex. Pleasant house and garden on main road between London and coast. Salary £355–£415, less £160 for residential emoluments. Applicants must have had previous experience of residential work with children and preferably some training. Resident Assistant House Mother also needed for same Home. Salary £300—£345, less £100. Apply immediately to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY of Essex. Applications invited for post of Assistant Archivist (Senior) in Essex Record Office. Candidates should have an appropriate university degree (or similar qualification) and a detailed knowledge of Local Records. Preference will be given to candidates with administrative ability and experience of archive research and publications. Experience in dealing with modern County Council Records will be an advantage. Salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience of person appointed but will not exceed £735 a year. Further particulars of conditions of service can be obtained on request. Applications, in own handwriting, stating particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience and the names and addresses of 3 refs. should be sent to County Clerk, County Hall, Chelmsford, as soon as possible. Canvassing forbidden.

WANTED: lady expd. in School organisation to become deputy Headmistress or partner in a new Girls' Senior Private School in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. A long established Junior School is now developing its senior department. The post offers great opportunity for an educationalist of experience and enthusiasm. Particulars from: Mrs. B. M. Anderson, M.A., Oxon, Chisipite School, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

MARKETERS of Building Specialities with office in the London Area require Executive aged about 30. The immediate requirement is to expand the sale (and manage attendant administration) of an old-established but neglected product for which present-day conditions have created a great potentiality. Ability to define policy and appoint and organise area agents on a National Basis may become necessary later. Comprehensive knowledge of the structure and technique of the Building Industry is essential. Applicants should hold B.Sc. (Econ.) or B.Com. or be studying for same. Public school preferred. An interesting post for man with initiative and drive, appreciating atmosphere of freedom and enterprise present in progressive firm, intended to lead to Managership. Application in own handwriting containing record of past experience in chronological order to Box 3082.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced women for temporary (in first instance) engagements as vacancies occur. Salary £531 5s. rising to £685. Duties include finding and inspecting foster homes and visiting children placed in them; assisting in finding work and lodgings for young persons in care; statutory after-care supervision. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CE/A1), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by Nov. 14.

MALADJUSTED Children's community school requires child care workers, matrons, spare time activities general supervision. Interested in handicraft or music. Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Resident assistant mistress required for Seaford Special School (45 maladjusted boys and girls, 7-11 yrs.). Infant trained Froebel training an advantage. Should have had at least two years' experience with normal children. Burnham scale salary. Permanent post. Full board residence in return for out-of-school supervisory duties. Application forms (f.cap s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (SS.BG), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, to whom they should be returned within 14 days.

HEAD Cook (preference given to trained woman over thirty) required to work under very experienced woman Caterer in hostel for five hundred workers in country district between Stafford and the Potteries. Essential qualifications: interest in good feeding, ability to control and train staff (many of whom are foreign), adaptability and resourcefulness. Salary £312, with accommodation, full board and never a dull moment. Applications to the Warden (Miss Janet Carpenter, M.A.), Frobisher Hall, Swynnerton, near Stone, Staffs.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oakhill Park, N.W.3, requires for January two teachers: (1) English & History; (2) Science & Mathematics. Resident or non-resident.

WANTED an experienced organiser for professional organisation. State experience and salary required. Box 3206.

NATIONAL Union of Students req. typist-clerk and shorthand-typist (18-21); good speeds essent.; interesting work. 'Phone for appointment: Gen. Sec., EUS 2184.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School. Teacher required for Sunday mornings 10 to 12.30. Apply to the Principal, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8.

EDUC. Girls can find first-rate sec. posts, perm./temp., no fees, through St. Stephens Secretariat, 38 Parliament St. S.W.1.

RESID. cook rqd. for small informal international guest-house London. Box 3203.

WORKING hskpr, mother's help; pleas. house outskirts Manchester, 3 children at day school. Mother engaged pt. time prof. work. Olive Shapley, Rose Hill, Milgate Lane, Didsbury, Manchester. Tel. Did. 5793.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Secretarial Assistant required immediately. Typing, Duplicating, and usual office work. Apply Warden.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT cook required grammar boarding school for maladjusted boys. Progressive atmosphere. J.I.C. Scale. Participation in social life of school. Apply Red Hill School, East Sutton, near Maidstone, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BOOKMAN, 32, experienced bookshop management, public librarianship, requires resp. admin. position booktrade/publishing/journalism; knowledge cataloguing, bibliography, research, editing; public school, creative & critical work published. Box 3132.

ADAPTABLE, reliable, intelligent man (32) seeks work, general handyman and driver; capable wife as nursery governess or general domestic. Take on anything with adequate accommodation. Cornwall preferred. Hoskin, 1, Wolseley Terrace, Cheltenham.

ACTIVE intelligent yng. man sks. evg./wk.-end wk. Exp. labouring/clerking. Own typwrtr. Anything undertaken. Box 3147.

YOUNG man, 24, some industrial and commercial experience, seeks interesting position, England or abroad. Box 3050.

LADY Sec., Engl./Germ. sh., wide bus. exp. own initiative, sks. change. Box 3047.

EFFICIENT secretary legal & comm. exper. sks. interesting position congenial surroundings. Pref. literary nature. Box 3037.

BI-Lingual (English/German) secretary, shorthand both languages, some French, independ. correspondence, seeks responsible position. Box 3031.

QUAL. steno., widely trav., sks sec. post travelling Engl. abroad. Box 2917.

EVG. and/or week-end work reqd. by woman teacher; wide interests. Box 3146.

HIGHLY expd. Anglo-Frenchwoman sks. research work. Literature/Philosophy/Religions/allied fields. Box 2989.

EXPD. Sh. typist reqs. post London. Speeds 120/60. Simple bookkpg., office routine. Able type Span., French. Hrs. 10-5.30 or nr. Some Sats. Sal. £6 10s. Box 3030.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

GERMAN/English shorthand-typ'st. competent translator, also German shorthand, seeks post. Box 1924.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPEWRITING Duplicating. Lit. MSS., testimonials, theses a speciality. Accurate attractive presentation. Personal supervision Bereton, 91 Priory Rd., N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

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FELLOWSHIPS

LEVERHULME Research Awards, 1954. Application is invited for fellowships and grants in aid of research. These awards are intended for senior workers of established position and are limited to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom; in exceptional circumstances the Trustees may waive the condition as to residence. No subject of enquiry is excluded from consideration but preference is given to subjects in which existing provision is inadequate. The duration of the awards does not normally extend over more than two years or less than three months and the amount depends on the nature of the research and the circumstances of the applicant. Forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Miss M. Branney, Leverhulme Research Awards, 3-5 Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4. Applications must be received on or before December 31, 1953. Results will be announced in May and the awards will generally date from September 1, 1954.

PERSONAL

SURREY County Council. Children's Department. A holiday foster home is required for an eleven-year-old boy who is in boarding school and who is in need of a home for holidays where he will receive companionship from a boy of his own age. This lad is particularly interested in music. Will persons who are able to offer this boy a permanent holiday home please communicate with the undersigned for further information and rates of maintenance, etc. Beryl Watson, Children's Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

SECRETARY, fast shorthand and typing, seeks full- or part-time work, winter months. Box 3165.

THE Turnstile Society, meeting Inner London alternate Fridays, invites enquiries from N.S. readers interested in discussing contemporary questions in small informal group. Box 3157.

SHORTHAND - typing accounts/minutes/reports. Energetic woman, experienced all branches secretarial work & organising, editorial, reaching retiring age, wants new job. Own (portable) typewriter, duplicator. Mod. remuneration supplement pension. Box 3041.

AUSTRIA. Winter Sports at Uber-Gurgl, highest village in Europe. Box 3171.

CAN anyone advise work at home for invalid, self-dependent mother of child, intelligent? Box 2898.

ROME. Capable Mother's Help sought, young family, free time, outings. Marsan, Via Amiterno 3, Rome, Italy.

HAMPSTEAD Village: Exceptional sunny top flat with balcony, fine windows and superb views. 3 rooms, hall, kitchen & bathroom. Stylish decoration. Frig., parquet. £3,250 for 50-yr. lease (¶ mortgage available) plus £35 p.a. for services. Also similar flat on 1st floor. The economical way of living in style! Box 2956.

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MAJORCA. Furn. accom. for couple for winter, 3½gns. monthly. Tart, Poste Restante, Sóller, Majorca, España.

WOMAN graduate with family, Gt. Missenden-Risborough area, seeks part-time work secretary and/or chauffeuse. Fluent French, fair German. Box 2902.

DUTCH lady, qualified teacher, gives Dutch lessons, private tuition at moderate terms, expd. translator. Box 2992.

STUDIO with living accommodation (for sale or let) wanted by journalist-photographer specialising in personality portraits. Box 2993.

URGENT: Can anyone recommend school for backward boy aged fourteen, not mentally deficient? Box 3032.

RESIDENT country post wanted by lady secretary-assistant. Box 3057.

HELP wanted for light household duties. No children. Time off for study. 33 Aylestone Ave., N.W.6. WIL. 0496.

CANADIAN Sculptor wishes to teach clay modelling and all types plaster casting. Box 3166.

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RUSSIAN Conversation Lessons given, Earls Court, terms mod. Box 3116.

ART Editor can undertake production Trade House Journal; Brochs. Box 2696.

LADY Student would give hospitality 1-2 persons Hotel Splendid, Venice, in exchange for 4-5 months London. Frassetto, Flat 7, 76 Philbeach Gdns., S.W.3.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel.: HOL. 8193).

PERSONAL—continued

INEXPENSIVE Winter Holidays: Winter Sports in Switzerland and Austria with 3rd class Sleepers or air travel, 17 days' arrangement from 27½gns. Christmas and week-end parties in England, sunshine holidays on the Riviera. Ask for free booklet: Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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EXPD. Drama Adjudicator avail. adult/youth/school festivals. Box 2980.

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PARENTS! Are you satisfied with your child's school? (See advt. "Better Schools Now" on page 565.)

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WEEKEND Party at Hove, near Brighton, November 13-16, invites others wanting pleasant break before the winter starts. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FOR overworked business people the relaxing and stimulating effect of Nerve Manipulation is invaluable. A reintegrating treatment. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Partics. from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

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WOOD-engraved Christmas cards. Canterbury Series, 5s. a doz. 1s. 3d. for samples. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford, Kent.

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HUNGARIAN Library open every Thursday between 6 and 8 p.m. at 33 Pembridge Square, London, W.2.

PROFESSIONAL man in late thirties wishes to spend Xmas among congenial people of both sexes. Country Hotel or Guest House with facilities for tennis or riding preferred. Enjoys company, but not organised fun and games. Please reply to Box 3155.

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HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 11gns. evg. Stage avail. for try-outs of plays, &c. WHI. 3678.

P.S. Spend Christmas and the New Year on skis. Bretaye, Switzerland, 15 days 28½gns. Obergurgl, Austria, 16 days 29½gns. including travel, meals, accommodation, ski hire aid instruction. Departure December 19. Also special party to Obergurgl December 5, return by air. Write to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"UNITED Nations Need China." A new pamphlet by D. Bryan (formerly H.M. Embassy Peking). Price 4d. (post 1½d.) from: Britain-China Friendship Assocn., 228 Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

WE want material on Chartism, Socialism, Marxism, Trotsky, etc. Any language. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

ARISTOPHANES. "Peace" and "Lysistrata." New translation by D. Alastos, with introduction. 10s. 6d. "Zeno," 6 Denmark Street, W.C.2. TEM. 2522.

DE Sade Works translated Saint-Yves, now available, 30s. From your bookseller or Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7.

"140 Jewish Marshals, Generals and Admirals." by E. Rubin. 300 pp., 100 illustrations, 21s. from all booksellers or send cheque or P.O. to De Vere Books, 35 Buckland Crescent, London, N.W.3.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interest. Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

"BIRTH Control To-day," by Dr. Marie Stopes. 4s. 10d. Whitfield St., W.1.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

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AMERICAN, Canadian books & magazines sent direct. Write Jones, Box 247, Toronto, A., Canada

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

MOUNTAINS (except Europe). Lists from Chvngton Books, Seaford, Sussex.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

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MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club has moved to new centre at 245 Harrow Road, W.2. Open every Wednesday, 7.30-11 p.m. Sub. 5s. a year. Write (or call there any Wed. evening) for details. Lectures, debates, dancing, table tennis, snackbar.

A CENTRAL Meeting Place: rendezvous for players and playgoers; regular seasons of plays and late-night intimate revues; licensed till midnight; lounge; food counter. Mem. details: Irving Theatre Club, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657, 3678.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

CABINETS for Gramophone Records fr. £5-£17. Details: Stamford (Dept. 10), 20 College Parade, Salusbury Rd., N.W.6.

GIN Traps are no longer needed! I can send particulars of 11 other ways of killing rabbits. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling you how to kill domestic animals and poultry, and White list of furs humanely obtained. Major C. Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

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DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

SHORTHAND in 1 week. Test lesson 2½d. stamp. Dutton's (NS), 93 Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

THE mellowed smoke, there is none better. Tom Long I am indeed thy debtor.

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SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Kindergarten 17gns., Junior and Senior School 20gns.

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FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

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NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

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ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St. W.1. REGent 2801. Findl. 1901.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30. Sun., November 15, Members only 7.45. "The Government Inspector," Gogol.

NEW Theatre, Sun., Nov. 22 only, 7.30. "A Publican's Story," by K. Allott and S. Tait. Group Theatre Prod. Mems./Seats: 5 Goodwin's Crt., W.C.2. TEM. 7631.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "Drama at Inish." Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391.) "The Rosenbergs." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a. Admission 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d.

IRVING, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Sing for Your Supper" (Second edition), a topical intimate Revue. Licd. till midn't. Mems. 5s.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Indefinitely: Griffiths' "Intolerance" (U London).

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Nov. 8, 7.30. Sylvie et la Phantome (A) (France).

NAT. Film Theatre, Stn. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 7. René Clair's "I Married a Witch" (A) with Veronica Lake, Fredric March. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PULLMAN Cinema, Opp. Herne Hill Sta. BRI. 3153. The Paradine Case (A). Sun. for 7 days: Rebecca (A). Last prog.: 8.15.

SCALA Theatre. Soviet films "Peter the Great" and "Festival of Youth" (cultural programme of the Berlin World Youth Festival). 7.30, Mon., Nov. 16. Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d. from Ed. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1, or Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order.

"ON the Town," "The General," "Stagecoach" and "Molti Sogni" are among Hammersmith Film Society's 11 progs. this season. Next show 7.30, Nov. 12, members only (Subs. 15s. p.a.); guest tickets 2s. 6d. (advance only). Sec., Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, November 8, Royal Festival Hall at 7.30. Overture to a Picaresque Comedy—Bax, Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini—Rachmaninov, Joseph's Legend (symphonic fragment)—Strauss (1st London perf.), Piano Concerto for Left Hand—Ravel, The Firebird—Stravinsky. London Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Goossens, Richard Farrell. 3s. 6d. to 15s. WAT. 3191 & agents

ROYAL Festival Hall, Tuesday, November 17 at 8.0 p.m. First Performance in England of Stravinsky's Cantata (1952); and "Façade" (poems by Edith Sitwell, music by William Walton). Soloists: Joan Cross, Arda Mandikian, Peter Pears. The English Opera Group Ensemble. Conductor, Paul Sacher. Tickets: 12s. 6d. to 3s. from the Box Office. (WAT. 3191.)

POULENC and Tailleferre will accompany Denise Duval (de l'Opéra), Raymond Amade (de l'Opéra-Comique) and Bernard Lefort in "Airs d'Opéras Français" to be introduced by the Earl of Harewood at the 78th Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Wed., Nov. 25, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 10s. Box Office, WEL. 2141.

ORGAN Recitals: (Brahms, Schumann, Bach) by William J. Tubbs at Holy Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, Mondays, November 9-December 21, 7.30 p.m.

"PIMPINONE," opera by Telemann. Stage performance in English. Also Psalm 117 and Concerto Grosso. Patricia Hughes, Norman Platt. Prod.: Archie Harradine. Cond.: Walter Bergmann. Mary Ward Hall, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Friday, Nov. 13, Sat., Nov. 14 at 7.30. Tickets 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

ROMAN Portrait Busts. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 28. Week-days 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. Closed Saturday afternoon, Nov. 7.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Chinese Paintings by Prof. Chao Shao-An & Lydia Chao Ling-Fang. Closes Nov. 14. Also French Masters. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of paintings by Guertiet; and pochoirs by Gino Severini. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Nov. 28.

ROUND The Table, C.o.I.D. Exhbtn.—Mod. mealtime settings. Dly. 10.30-6. Sats. 12.30. Free. Tea Centre, Lwr. Regent St.

OHANA Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, W.1. Exhibition of Paintings by Jane Lane. Sculpture by John Burch; also French Impressionists. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WALKER'S Gallery, 118 New Bond St. Paintings of Italian Lakes by Arcobus. Nov. 4-17. Weekdays 10-5. Sats 10-1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings into Textiles. Oct. 21-Nov. 14. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Holiday Pictures. Daily 11-6 Sats. incl. Also Picture Lending Library.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. The Renaissance of the Fish.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Rene Magritte. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Paintings by Pikelny. Daily 10-5.30 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture and Paintings by Arthur Berridge. Paintings by John Hart.

LE Club Contemporain, 5 Whitehorse St., W.1. GRO. 1804, presents an exhibition of the work of Lazlo Silvassy. Daily 1 p.m. to 7 p.m. Paintings and Drawings.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. First London Exhibition of Edinburgh painter, Charles Pulsford, and Recent Works by Scottie Wilson.

YUGOSLAV Medieval Frescoes (replicas). Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Dec. 13. Week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

VERA Spencer Paintings and Collages at Conran Furniture, 22 Piccadilly Arcade, W.1. November 4-14.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square. Exhibition of recent Paintings by Sheila Fokes and Robert Powter.

"ENTERTAINING at Home" in Party mood. House & Garden keeps open house at its Decoration Centre, 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Rooms arranged as settings for entertaining, with furnishings and equipment you can buy in the shops. Open from Sept. 1; weekdays 10-5, Sats. 10-12. Free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens: Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

PROFESSOR G. D. H. Cole will lecture on "Democracy and Authority in the Co-operative Movement." Tuesday, Nov. 10, 7 p.m. London School of Economics, Room 8, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Questions and discussion. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Principles of International Law in the light of Reality" will be given by Professor J. Haesaert (Brussels) at 5 p.m. on Nov. 10 at University College (Eugenics Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Creighton Lecture, entitled "The Medieval Bailiff," will be given by Professor T. F. T. Plucknett at 5.30 p.m. on November 16 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. The Chair will be taken by the Rt. Hon. Sir Raymond Evershed. Adm. free, without tkt.

THE Hon. Sir Seymour Karminski & Sir Henry Self will speak on the "Problem of the Individual in the Welfare State," 8 p.m., Tues., Nov. 10, King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St., W.1. All welcome.

"CAPITALISM versus Socialism." Public Debate. A. G. Jenkins, Financial Editor, Sunday Chronicle, Opposed by Socialist Party of Gt. Britain. Speaker: A. Turner. Fulham Town Hall (Opp. Fulham Broadway Stn.), 7.30, Weds., Nov. 11. Admission Free. All Welcome.

THE London Jewish Society. "Atomic Energy—a Blessing or Menace?" Address by Mr. Arthur Blok, O.B.E., Thurs., Nov. 12, 8 p.m., Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., Leics. Sq. All welc. Vis. 2s. 6d.

LECTURE demonstration on Yoga for Health. Nov. 16, 7.30 p.m., at 22d Ebury Street, S.W.1. Admission 2s. 6d.

REMEMBRANCE Service—Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., on "How we can help to promote peace." Sunday, November 8 at 10.45 a.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Wittgenstein and Wisdom and the Revolution within Positivism." Thursday, November 12, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 8, S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Literary Horizon." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m., Adm. 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. November 14, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean Amrouche (Alliance Française): "Aspects de la littérature nord-africaine de langue française."

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, at 7 p.m., Nov. 10, Mrs. E. Burchett, "Toys and Fairy Tales in Education." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Friday, Nov. 13, Dr. Harold R. Allin, M.A., Ph.D., "Consequences of Atomic Energy."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

COMMERCIAL Television. Public debate under the auspices of the Association for Education in Citizenship, Caxton Hall, Westminster, Thursday, November 19, 8 p.m. Speakers:—Lord Hailsham (for National Television Council), Ted Kavanagh (for Popular Television Association). Chairman, Lord Milverton, G.C.M.G. Adm. free. Res. seats 2s. 6d. Sec., Association for Education in Citizenship, 14 Kendall Place, W.1.

THE Members of the British Psycho-Analytical Society invite you to attend the annual "Ernest Jones" Lecture, entitled "Psycho-Analysis and the History of Art" which will be given by kind permission of the Royal Society of Medicine in the Barnes Hall of that Society on Monday, November 23rd, at 8.15 p.m., by E. H. Gombrich, Ph.D., M.A. (Warburg Institute, University of London).

THE Rt. Hon. Jim Griffiths, M.P., speaks at Onward Hall, Deansgate, Manchester, at 3 p.m., Saturday, Nov. 7. Adm. 1s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Nov. 11, Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., "The Future of Korea." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. 7.30. Visitors 2s.

FRANK Dawtry on "Royal Commission on Capital Punishment," Fri., Nov. 6, 8.15; Dr. Sudhin N. Ghose on "Some Aspects of Indian Art" (Illus.), Fri., Nov. 13, 8.15. All welcome. No colln. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queens Gardens, W.2.

DINNER: in honour of D. N. Pritt and to award World Council of Peace Gold Medal to James Aldridge. Criterion Restaurant, November 18. Hosts: Dean of Canterbury and Mrs. Johnson. Tickets 15s. from British Peace Committee, 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

"SOVIET Biology," Recent Developments. Dr. H. Gordon & Dr. A. G. Morton. Thurs., Nov. 12, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students and S.C.R. 1s.).

MOTHER and Child Care in the U.S.S.R., school medical services, painless childbirth, etc. Soviet speakers, Dr. Kazantseva, Mrs. Ilina. Holborn Hall, Friday, Nov. 13, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. from Women's Committee, British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1, or at the door.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Nov. 10, 8.15, "Characteristics of Modern American Poetry," by Stephen Spender. Mems. 2s., Guests 3s.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. "The Next Labour Government." A talk by the Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 7.45 p.m. at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Reservations MAYfair 4245.

COMPENSATION in Germany and Austria. Public Meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 7.45 p.m., at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, W.1, under the auspices of the Association of Jewish Refugees. Speakers: Dr. W. Breslauer, Dr. F. R. Bienenfeld. Adm. free.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Mr. Joseph Leftwich on "Israel Zangwill." Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport St., W.C.2, on Tuesday, November 10, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

RACIAL Unity. Mon., Nov. 9, 7 p.m., at 32 Tavistock Sq. Films "Brotherhood of Man," "Boundary Lines." Address by D. Wallace Bell. Discussion. Visitors welcome.

EVALUATION of Improvement in International Relations—conference at Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon, Nov. 27-29.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Problem of Problems." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, November 8, at 6.30 p.m.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.15 p.m., Sun., Nov. 8. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Nr. Victoria Station.

"DAYS in the Sun." A lecture will be given by Neville Cardus for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 9, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

SHAW Society presents "A Heretic Speaks": Geoffrey Handley-Taylor on Comics, Hymns, Nursery Rhymes; 7 Albemarle St., Nov. 6, 7 p.m. Readings by Esme Percy, etc. Adm. 6d. or memb. incl. Bulletin 15s. ($2) yearly. Enquiries: 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2. Four Lectures on "Shakespeare" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, William Empson, Esq., M.A., on Tues. to Fri., Nov. 10-13. The Lectures are Free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

LANGUAGE Problem Solved. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

BRITISH Guiana—Conference on White Paper & Civil Liberties. Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, Mansion House, Sat., Nov. 14, 2.30-8 p.m. Analysis of White Paper. Reply by Dr. Cheddi Jagan. Discussion on civil liberty issues which arise. Delegates' credentials & Visitors' tickets 2s. 6d. from Nat. Council Civil Liberties, 46 Westbourne Grove, W.2.

TECHNICAL Education at the Secondary stage? What do industry and the professions look for in the school leaver? Day Conference organised by Middlesex County Teachers' Assoc. (N.U.T.). Speakers: Prof. C. H. Dobinson, Mr. W. E. Park (Vauxhall Motors, Ltd.). Institute of Education, Senate House, Malet St., W.C.1. Sat., November 7, 10 a.m.-4.30 p.m. Public cordially invited.

PROGRESSIVE League Autumn Conference: Nov. 13-15 at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts. "Since Freud—Modern Trends." Chairman: Dr. Otto Friedmann. Lectures include "The Analyst's Contribution to Child Development" (Dr. Edna Balint), "The Dynamics of the Group" (Dr. Kenupl Taylor), "Mind and Body in the Reintegration of Personality" (Dr. D. G. Sandler). Illustrative film. Applications with full fee (£2 17s. 6d.) to Miss L. Vincent, Progressive League, 29 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

ROY Jenkins, M.P., gives the third in the Fabian Autumn Lecture series Tues., Nov. 10, 7.15 p.m., at Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tickets from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1, and at door.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of 8 lectures on "Aspects of the Keyboard Music of Bach and his Contemporaries" will be given by Professor Anthony Lewis (Birmingham) at 5.30 p.m. on November 12, 25 and 30, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

CENT. London Fabian Soc. Sat. Sun. Nov. 14-15 at Arts Theatre Club. "The Arts and the People." E. W. White, Richard Findlater. "A National Theatre," G. R. Strauss, M.P., Llewellyn Rees, Benn Levy, Michael Redgrave & other stars. P.c.: Mrs. Drain, 87 Fitzjohn's Ave., N.W.3. for dets.

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